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OR,

Scotland Yard's New York Special.

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AUTHOR OF "BROADWAY BILLY" NOVELS, ETC

CHAPTER I.

ON BOARD THE CAMPANIA.

CAMPANIA, the Magnificent!
Two days out from New York, this noble ship
of the Cunard Line was plowing her way majes-
tically through the ocean waves in the direction
of Liverpool.

It was the afternoon of a perfect day in

"WHAT IS IT?" BILLY ASKED. "A POISON AS DEADLY AS IT IS RARE, SIR!"
REPLIED THE SHIP'S SURGEON.

springtime, in that perfect month, May, and a great many passengers were out upon the decks. Only a gentle breeze was blowing, and the waste of waters had merely a lazy, sleepy roll.

There were, all told, thirteen hundred and odd souls on board. The first cabin was largely represented by wealth and fashion, and not a little by beauty as well, and now the different parties and persons were laying aside reserve and forming steamship acquaintances.

Among others was a young man who seemed to be traveling alone. He was a handsome fellow, under twenty-five years of age, finely formed, with strong neck and rounded limbs, and skin of that olive tint so much admired. His hair was black, and his keen and flashing eyes, of the same color, any woman might envy. He was well and tastefully dressed.

More than one pair of admiring eyes had already found him out, and those, too, of fair members of the gentler sex.

And this personage was William Weston—Broadway Billy.

He was a first-cabin passenger, and traveling under an assumed name, was, of course, wholly unrecognized as a detective.

That he was here on business rather than for pleasure, scarcely needs to be urged. He was, first of all, to act the part of secret guardian over a certain young lady named Rosamond Talcott; and secondly, to have an eye of suspicion upon one Paul Williams, her guardian.

He had been engaged for this service by the law firm of Taylor & Tuxson, of New York. Miss Talcott had recently fallen heir to a vast estate in England, and the London solicitors, Wapple & Carpinger, foreseeing that something might happen to the heiress if left unguarded, had requested their American attorneys to employ a competent detective for that purpose. Not only so, but Taylor & Tuxson had expressed their suspicion of Williams the guardian, and had especially instructed their detective to be watchful of him.

Billy had by this time learned something about these persons, but had not yet made their acquaintance, though he was putting himself in the way of Williams as much as possible without arousing suspicion. Miss Talcott was a pretty girl, nearly twenty years of age, who, with her maid, occupied one of the outside rooms on the upper deck, starboard side. The berth occupied by Williams was on the same deck, forward under the Library. He was a man about forty years of age, rather good looking, with a ready tongue and an air of entire self-possession. Thus far the detective had discovered nothing in him to support the suspicion by the lawyers, but this, of course, signified naught.

At the hour which marks the opening of our story Broadway Billy was one of a group of passengers who were congregated on the starboard side of the promenade deck forward from the grand entrance.

Others in the same group were Miss Talcott and her maid, and the suspect, Williams.

Miss Talcott, as stated, was pretty, and besides this she had winning and attractive ways which made her a favorite and brought her many admirers. Her maid, on the contrary, whom, as Billy had noticed, she treated as almost an equal, was quite a plain person in looks. The contrast was very marked.

It was only a few minutes before that Billy had put in his appearance on this part of the ship. He was standing and leaning upon his steamer chair, which he had not yet unfolded, gazing idly over the blue and vast expanse as if wondering at its immensity. His keen, quick eyes had taken in the group, however, and when he placed his

chair and sat down an adroit point was played.

"This your first voyage, sir?" inquired a voice almost at his side.

He looked around quickly and pretended to discover that it was Williams who had addressed him.

"Oh, no, sir," Billy responded cheerfully. "I have been at sea before. This is a most charming afternoon, is it not?"

"It is that, true enough. Lovely weather these two days. Hardly a case of seasickness aboard yet, I believe. No objection to my scraping acquaintance with you, I suppose?"

"Not the slightest, sir. In fact, I'd rather you would than not, seeing that I'm all alone."

"Well, I am Paul Williams, formerly of London but now from Indianapolis where I have been residing for some years."

"Glad to know you, Mr. Williams. I am Edward Kelton, of New York."

With that the two shook hands.

"You say you are traveling alone?" Williams asked.

"Yes, all alone," Billy affirmed. "Am making just a flying trip over to London."

"Then you are going over on business, of course. You call it a flying trip, and you are all alone, and these two facts are proof enough."

"You are, however, only half right," rejoined Billy. "My business in London will be mostly of pleasure. I have it in mind to take in the Derby races, of which I overheard you and a friend speaking this morning."

"Ha! you will miss a great thing if you don't do the races, Mr. Kelton; that, I assure you. Yes, I was speaking with my old chum, Pidgely, about the races. You must meet Pidgely. He can give you more tips than any man I know. Joe and I used to be very chummy."

Billy had, as he said, overheard Williams and an acquaintance talking about the races, and made mention of it for no other purpose than to bring about an introduction.

He now had the man's name, and the rest was as good as assured.

"I shall be very glad to know Mr. Pidgely," he frankly declared. And then in lower tone: "Is this lady your wife, Mr. Williams?"

He indicated Miss Talcott.

"Oh, no!" the quick reply in similar tone; "she is my ward. Would you like to be introduced? It seems to be the thing to lay aside the conventionalities to a certain degree, here, and I have seen enough of you these two days to require no further recommendation."

"I would esteem it the greatest of favors, Mr. Williams."

"And I'm only glad to oblige you. Rosamond?"

"What is it?"

The pretty girl turned instantly, and voiced that familiar Americanism in a pleasing tone.

"My friend, Mr. Kelton, seeks the favor of an introduction. Mr. Kelton, let me make you known to my ward, Miss Talcott."

"I am very pleased, I assure you, Mr. Kelton, to add another to my steamer acquaintanceship list," the young lady acknowledged in an easy and graceful manner.

"While I feel that I have been highly favored," said Billy, doing his part with the air of a young Chesterfield.

Billy was then invited to draw his chair nearer and be one of them.

Which, of course, he did gladly enough.

As he changed his place Miss Talcott's maid drew back from where she had been sitting near her mistress, and gave herself entirely to a book she was reading, evidently deeply interested.

An hour's chat proved to Billy that Miss Talcott was a delightfully entertaining little person; and when, at the end of that time, Williams proposed that they leave the ladies and repair to the smoking-room for awhile, he was loth to go; but this was an opportunity not to be slighted.

There were several ladies in the group, be it understood, and during the course of the hour Billy had placed himself upon friendly terms with them all, and particularly with Rosamond Talcott.

"Your ward is a most charming young lady, Mr. Williams," Billy remarked, as they went in at the grand entrance and moved aft through the starboard passageway to the smoking-room.

"I'm well aware of it, Mr. Kelton," Williams agreed with a light laugh. "I have a word of warning to give you, however, I'll tell you after we sit down. Here is the bar; let us seal our friendship in a social glass."

They had now entered the first-class smoking-room, and Williams started to lead the way to the bar, located in the back part of the room nearly opposite the passageway by which they had come in; but Billy held back and raised his hand in objection.

"What, you don't drink?" Williams asked in surprise.

"Never touched it in my life," Billy truthfully declared. "I thank you for the invitation all the same."

"But, you smoke, surely? Come and have a cigar."

"Nor do I smoke," Billy had to admit.

"Well, you're a model young man, by Jove!" Williams exclaimed. "Maybe you object to the smell of smoke, too."

"On the contrary, I rather enjoy the smoke of a good cigar," Billy averred. "Do not let me stand in the way of your indulging in any manner you like: I never obtrude upon the rights of others."

"Well, I'll forego the drink for the present, but will give myself the pleasure of a cigar. Here, let's drop into this unoccupied nook and have a quiet chat and get better acquainted."

He led the way across to the port side of the room, where inviting seats were vacant and there they sat down.

"You said you had a word of warning to give me," Billy reminded.

"Ah, yes, so I did. It is only fair to you that I should tell you at once. You asked me if Miss Talcott was my wife, before you knew who she was. She is, however, my affianced."

"Ha! Well, I must congratulate you, Mr. Williams, and that most heartily."

"Thank you. You can understand why I tell you this."

"Certainly; I see, sir."

"Yes, the thing was arranged by the young lady's father, before he died, and I can assure you it was an arrangement highly satisfactory to me."

"I can well believe it."

"Not only was I made her guardian, but Edric Talcott exacted the promise from me that I would marry his daughter, on her coming of age, provided she was willing; and I am happy to say she is."

"You are to be envied, sir."

"I have taken you thus into my confidence so that no unhappy misunderstanding may arise. Both Miss Talcott and myself think it best to make our positions known to our friends. If I spoke of it as a word of warning, you will now understand why, Mr. Kelton. And of course you do understand."

"Yes, I understand, Mr. Williams."

"Then nothing more remains to be said, on that line. I tell you I am the happiest of men, Mr. Kelton, and I don't care who knows it. I've got good reason to be happy. Fifteen years ago I left England a poor young man, and now I am returning to her

shores quite well-to-do; and not only so, but when I have married my ward, I shall have position as well. I'll tell you all about it, if you care to listen."

CHAPTER II.

WILLIAMS'S STORY. THE COCKNEY.

BROADWAY BILLY showed interest, expressing himself as anxious to hear the story, and thus encouraged, Mr. Williams went ahead.

"My ward and promised bride," he began, "has recently fallen into a title and a grand old estate in England. She is the next of kin to Lord Talcott, who died a few months ago.

"Edric Talcott was Lord Talcott's only brother. He went to America and set up for himself and made a fortune. I used to know him, in the old days, in London, and when I came over, fifteen years ago, I went to him and he gave me a place in his business and set me up.

"Mr. Talcott had a good deal of confidence in me, and when he died, a few years ago, he left everything in my hands, even his daughter. He made me her legal guardian, and, as I have told you already, desired that I should make her my wife as soon as she came of age. She will be of age in something less than a year, now, and then the happy event will take place.

"Upon the death of Lord Talcott, his London solicitors set about finding out what had become of Edric, and through Taylor & Tuxson of New York my ward was soon notified of her good fortune. As her guardian, I went to New York with all the proofs necessary to establish her claim, and that done, proceeded to close out the Indianapolis business, and here we are. We are leaving America for good and all, and the very persons who gave me the cold shoulder when I was poor, will have to bow to me soon.

"That's the story, brief and to the point, and you can't blame me if I frisk up a little over my good fortune. And the best of it all is, I love the lady for herself alone, regardless of her wealth and position. I would marry her just the same, if she were as poor as poverty."

And there he paused.

"Quite like a romance," observed Billy. "You are certainly excusable if you feel inclined to rejoice."

"That is the way I look at it myself. You'll pardon me for boring you with the whole matter, but it was the natural outcome of what I had to tell you at first. Besides, I have taken a liking to you, and we are privileged to bore our friends, you know."

"It was nothing of the kind," assured Billy. "I was interested," truthfully said, "and you have greatly entertained me. A fellow don't often run up against these romances in real life. But, have you the proofs all clear now? Will everything be plain sailing when you reach London? You see you have awakened my interest in the matter, as I said."

"Oh, yes; everything is straightened out. I did think Taylor & Tuxson were a little suspicious of me and my good intention toward the heiress, but, bless them, they wronged me if they had such a thought. Why, I promised Edric Talcott on his dying bed to be a father to his child until I could be something closer, and I have kept my word. I would be just as devoted to her interests if I hadn't the ghost of a chance of sharing her good fortune."

"They could not know that, of course."

"Of course not."

"Lawyers are inclined to look on the cold and practical side in every case; they have little to do with sentiment."

"You are right when you say that. Just as soon as they found I loved the girl, and

intended to marry her, they put me under their microscope, so to say. But, I fancy I stood the test all right."

"It could not be otherwise, when you had proofs for everything."

"Proofs? Bless you, I had no end of proofs. The best people of Indianapolis knew all about the matter, and they did not hesitate in telling what they knew. It was easy to prove that Edric Talcott had pledged me to marry his daughter, and that settled the business."

"Well, I'm glad to know the 'real facts' in the case, as the newspapers say—as if facts can ever be anything else than real," declared Billy, in a playful manner. "I tell you honestly that I was half inclined to fall in love with your ward myself, and it will be strange if you don't have half a dozen rivals more or less before our good ship touches the other side. However, I will not be one of them, now."

"Just the reason why I told you, as you understood well enough. And I'll tell them all. But, I have no fear of them; Rosamond knows what her father's wish was, and she would carry it out even if she hated me, which I am well aware she doesn't."

"Then you certainly have got good reason to rejoice, Mr. Williams, and you are to be excused for doing so. Once again I congratulate you on your good fortune."

"And again I thank you. You are about the best fellow I ever met, on short acquaintance, Kelton."

"Take care not to rate me too highly," Billy cautioned.

"Little danger of that, I guess."

"I merely give you friendly warning, that's all," with a smile. "I suppose I may enjoy the pleasure of Miss Talcott's society still?"

"Bless you, yes! Go in and have a good time as you can, for it will help her to pass the hours away. What I have told you was only to forestall what possibly might happen otherwise."

"And for which I'm duly grateful."

"Hello! Here comes Joe Pidgely now, with his young friend, Willpool."

This pair had sauntered into the smoking-room from the deck on the port side, and Williams called out to Pidgely immediately.

Pidgely looked around, and seeing who it was, smiled and stepped quickly to where Williams and "Mr. Kelton" were sitting, his younger companion following his lead. Introductions ensued.

Joe Pidgely was a man about thirty-five years old, and his nationality could be read at a glance. He was English all over. Dick Willpool, his companion, was ten years younger, and had the smart cut of a London cockney with a predilection for horses.

"Mr. Kelton was saying he'd like to meet you, Joe," explained Williams. "He heard you and me talking about the Derby this morning, and he's a notion he'd like to take it in."

"Which is a right good notion, I'll be bound," Pidgely declared. "I can give you tips on the Derby, sir, every time; and what I lack, Dick here can supply."

They had taken seats, and he jerked his thumb at Willpool in the true English style.

"Hi'm ha cad hif Hi can't," the cockney affirmed, boastfully.

He was about Billy's own age.

"Dick never misses Derby Day, sir," announced Pidgely. "If you want to take in the races, you couldn't have a better pilot than Dick."

"I'll take note of your address, Mr. Willpool, if you don't mind," said Billy, producing book and pencil. "If I decide to go to the races, maybe I can make it an object to you to guide me."

"Hi should be honly too 'appy, sir, Hi hassure you," the cockney assented. "My

haddress his Lower Maybush street, hin Mayfair, where me governor keeps ha hinn—the 'Coach-and-Four.' Hi should be honly too 'appy to see you there, sir. We are 'umble but honest, sir."

"Greatly obliged to you," returned Billy, closing his book, having jotted down the item. "Maybe I will drop in upon you, for I have no doubt you know all about London, and perhaps would be willing to show me around a little."

"Know London, sir! Hi knows London like a hopen book. Hi can show you more hin a week than you could find hout by yourself hin a year, sir."

"And I really believe he can, too," supported Pidgely.

"Try me, hand see, sir."

They were ensconced in the port-aft corner of the smoking-room, where the luxuriously upholstered seats surround one of the card-tables, except on one side, where the break is supplied by a chair equally enticing, and their position naturally suggested a game at cards.

The smoking-room steward was beckoned, and cards were called for.

"What shall we play?" asked Williams.

"All one to me," said Pidgely.

"Ow habout poker, don't ye know," suggested Willpool. "Hi should like to know more habout that game."

"All right; let it be poker," acquiesced Broadway Billy. "I'm not much of an expert, but I understand the game. You understand it, don't you, Mr. Pidgely?"

"Yes; I was in the States long enough to get initiated, sir."

"Han' Hi long enough to get fleeced," declared the cockney.

Williams and Billy laughed.

The game agreed upon, the cards were dealt, the ante being a penny and the limit a shilling.

Englishmen never play at cards without a stake; they must make something or lose something at the game, no matter how trifling the amount.

Billy was perfectly willing, since, playing with English money, of which he had secured a supply before sailing, he could by this means get accustomed in a measure to its use.

There was considerable fun in the game for Billy and Williams, at the expense of Pidgely and Willpool—especially the latter. The cockney could not seem to master the game, try as he would, and the "bluff" soon became his thorn in the flesh, so to say.

"Hi'll be 'anged hif Hi can see 'ow hit is," he finally broke out. "Hif Hi 'ave a good 'and, 'ang me hif you don't trip me hup with nothing hat all, don't ye know; hand hif Hi 'ave nothing hat all, han' try the same trick meself, blarst me bloomink heyes hif you don't 'old ha good 'and hevery time!"

He took it all in good part, however, and a couple of hours were passed in this manner very pleasantly.

Of course Broadway Billy improved the time all he could, making himself as agreeable as possible, getting into decidedly "chummy" relationship with Willpool, who met him half-way.

The cockney talked about London, giving abundant proof that he was thoroughly acquainted with the city in every quarter, from Kensington Gardens to Victoria Park, and from Primrose Hill to the Grand Surrey Docks; while the "city" was as simple as A B C to him.

Nor was he silent on the subject of "orses," for which, as said, he had a keen partiality. He was, in his own mind, authority upon Tattersall's, where the betting, during races, regulates that of the whole country; the Jockey Club he evidently owned outright; while the Derby and the Oaks were by-words too familiar for us to mention.

When the little party broke up, at dinner-

time (five o'clock), they parted, with evidently the best of good feelings all around.

"I hardly know what to make of the man," thought Billy, as he descended to the lavatory on the next deck, to wash before going on down to the dining-room on the saloon-deck. "He seems to be as open and frank as a sunny day. Can it be that Taylor & Tuxson were mistaken? But, I'll know before we reach the other side."

His mind was upon Williams, the suspect, of course, not the cockney.

CHAPTER III.

SUSPICIONS NOW AWAKENED.

BILLY saw Miss Talcott in the dining room, but not to speak to her.

The more he thought of the matter, looking at it in the light he now had, the more reason there was to think he had been sent out on a fool's errand.

It did not appear that Miss Talcott needed any especial guarding, while the suspicion against Williams seemed utterly without foundation. He had told his story openly, and it was evidently true in every particular.

Still, that was not the point.

Billy Weston had been engaged for a certain duty, and he must perform it in spite of all appearances.

Moreover, he had had too much experience as a detective to trust appearances too far, so he resolved to be more than ever on the alert to prove whether or not there was any good ground for the suspicion the American attorneys entertained.

It happened that Billy and Miss Talcott rose from the tables at the same time, and Billy was just behind her and her maid as they left the room.

Mention has been made, casually, that Miss Talcott treated her maid as almost an equal. The maid was more plainly dressed than her mistress, but wore no badge of servitude and dined at the same table.

Just as they passed from the room Billy heard the maid ask:

"Where shall we go now, Augusta?"

The tone was low.

"Sh!" Billy heard Miss Talcott caution, in tone lower still, and she glanced quickly around in a frightened way.

They were at the foot of the grand stairway, and Billy was just behind them.

Miss Talcott immediately smiled and greeted him.

"We meet again," she said pleasantly. "Are you going up?" and she held back to allow him to precede her.

"Pleasurable accident, I consider it," Billy gallantly responded. "Was it your intention to go out upon deck again?"

He had promptly taken the lead up the stairway, and looked back as he put the inquiry, though the handsome young lady was only one step behind him.

"No, I do not think I will return to the deck," she rejoined; "it has grown too cool. But, will you not come with us to the drawing-room? I think Mr. Williams will be there presently."

"With pleasure," Billy readily agreed.

So they proceeded on up the two stairways to the promenade deck, where they entered the drawing-room, or Assembly Hall.

Here a cheerful fire was burning in the brass grate, in what is called by the Steamship Company the "ingle-neuk;" and with highly polished satinwood mantels above and hearth in Persian tiles beneath, the effect was charming.

But Billy noted it only passingly; he had seen it before, of course, and now something else was at work in his mind.

He remembered the name he had accidentally overheard the maid apply to her mistress.

Miss Talcott's name was *Rosamond*, not *Augusta*; what did it mean?

It looked like a mystery, after all.

"Let us sit here," said the young lady,

indicating one of the two lounges on either side of the fire-place.

They took seats, Miss Talcott nearest the fire, her maid next, and Billy on the other angle of the lounge, which, by the way, is fitted into a corner. Not a more cozy nook on the whole ship.

They were not alone, of course; other passengers were sitting around, and many were moving to and fro.

The maid settled back toward the corner, in a retiring way, her hands in her lap.

Billy looked at her for an instant, and something about her impressed him.

"Isn't this a charming retreat?" exclaimed Miss Talcott. "I have been these two days trying to get possession of it, and have only just succeeded. Now I'm going to hold it for this one evening at least, out of revenge."

She spoke in a low tone, however, that none might overhear.

"I cannot blame you," answered Billy.

"It certainly is a desirable spot. Do I understand that this is your first ocean voyage, Miss Talcott?"

"Yes, it is my first, Mr. Kelton."

"You are doing well, then, to have so far escaped seasickness."

"Do not mention it, I beg of you! But, then, the *mal de mer* is little to be feared in such delightful weather, I imagine."

"That is true, for our monster ship scarcely yields to the motion of the sea. We are not across yet, however, by several days. I fear your maid is not standing it quite so well."

Billy made the excuse to look again at the maid, to study her more closely.

"Poor Mary!" exclaimed the young lady. "I fear she is beginning to succumb, though she will not yet confess it. How do you feel now, Mary?"

"Why, I am feeling all right, Miss Talcott," was the respectful reply.

"But, you are looking pale, I think."

The maid smiled, in a half-hearted manner, but said nothing further, looking down at her hands folded in her lap.

Billy, too, took note of those hands, and saw that they were the equal of Miss Talcott's own, in all respects. To this, however, he could attach little importance.

He noticed also that Miss Talcott was quick to draw his attention again to herself in an adroit manner. This was only natural, though, since he could not hold converse with her maid. Still, Billy felt certain that all was not right, somehow. What of that name—*Augusta*?

Miss Talcott kept up an animated conversation until they were finally joined by Williams, about the time when the lights were turned on.

"You see I am taking advantage of your permit, sir," Billy greeted him.

"That is right," responded Williams, heartily. "Of what use would it be to you if you didn't?"

"So I looked at it."

"Tell me pray, what is this?" inquired Miss Talcott.

A group of persons were now around the piano, playing and singing, so they could talk freely without drawing attention.

"I have explained matters to Mr. Melton, that is all," Williams made answer to the question asked. "You know we agreed that it was better so; there can be no misunderstanding."

"Oh, yes; I ought to have known."

Billy noted that she flushed slightly, and she dropped her eyes from his.

Here was proof for all Williams had been telling him, but Billy decided then and there to have a talk with Miss Talcott when he found opportunity.

He would draw the story from her own lips as well, if he could, and see if the two versions would agree. And if they did, what then of the suspicion entertained by the lawyers?

A pleasant evening was passed.

At supper, served between nine and ten in the evening, Billy went in with his new acquaintances.

With two or three others they made a little party by themselves in a corner of the great dining saloon, where they supplemented their dinner by a repast before retiring.

On leaving the room, Billy and Williams bade the ladies good-night in the grand entrance on the upper deck—the next above the dining-room, the latter retiring to their berth and Billy and his suspect going on up to the smoking-room on the deck above.

"I haven't seen your friends this evening," Billy observed.

"Pidgely and Willpool?"

"Yes."

"They are somewhere around, never fear."

"You have not introduced them to your affianced, I take it."

"Certainly not. Hardly the kind of men for her to know, especially Willpool."

"So I took it. By the way, that maid of Miss Talcott's is a peculiar little body, is she not?"

"Peculiar? In what way?"

"Oh, I hardly know how to explain, definitely; she seems more like a frail thing under Miss Talcott's care, than like her maid."

Billy noted that Williams eyed him keenly, though he did not look the man in the face while speaking, but observed him sideways from the corner of his eye without danger of detection.

"I'll tell you how it is," said Williams.

"They are really more like sisters than like mistress and maid. Mary was with Miss Talcott all through her school days, and I fancy they really love each other. Mary's position is that of lady's companion, as near as you can fix it."

"That explains it all, then," Billy accepted, carelessly.

Williams seemed relieved.

They had now reached the smoking room, which was well filled, and therefore did not find a seat.

They stopped for a few minutes, leaning against the balustrade of the staircase leading below, watching the different games going on, cards, chess, etc.; and Billy looked to find Pidgely and the cockney.

Neither was there, however.

Billy was quite ready to tear himself away from Williams for the night, but he had one more point to play before doing so.

The name he had overheard the maid apply to Miss Talcott was still buzzing in his mind, and he had been weighing the matter to decide whether or not he should try to get some light on it from his suspect.

It was not really a judicious thing for him to do, but he resolved to take all the chances.

"By the way, Mr. Williams," he asked, when there was a break in their conversation, and after he had worked it around to a mention of Miss Talcott. "Did I understand you to say Miss Talcott's name is *Augusta*?"

Williams's eyes were upon him instantly, and Billy detected a frightened expression in their depths.

"Why, no," the man answered, calmly. "What put that into your head? Her name is *Rosamond*."

"Then it must be the name of one of the Misses Wilkins," Billy reflected.

He spoke calmly and naturally, as if nothing was at stake.

"No doubt you are right," Williams agreed.

But, Billy had read him.

A little later the detective said good-night, and descended from the smoking-room to the upper deck direct, ostensibly with the intention of seeking his berth at once, but really with no such intention at all. He meant to prow around a little.

CHAPTER IV.

FOREWARNED IS FOREARMED.

At the foot of the companionway Billy turned to the left and entered the gentlemen's baths.

Here he quickly and deftly put on a false beard, and when he came forth, a moment later, no one could have recognized him as the same person without some preknowledge.

A steward eyed him sharply, but Billy passed right along forward to the grand entrance and out upon the deck.

The air was chilly, and not many persons were out.

Some of the male passengers from the steerage were walking there, and Billy made the circuit of the deck once, leisurely.

Four times around the deck, on the Campania, it may be mentioned casually, is just a mile. The length of this noble steamship is 620 feet, while her breadth is 65 feet and 3 inches.

Broadway Billy's mind was busy.

His suspicions had been awakened, now, and he believed an underhanded game of some kind was being carried on.

What it was he could not guess, yet, nor was it likely that he would be able to guess it. He would have to set to work and ferret out the mystery, as he had done many another.

Perhaps Taylor & Tuxson had not been mistaken after all.

"There is a gentleman of color somewhere in the fence," Billy mused, "and I must have him out. Miss Talcott was startled when her maid called her Augusta, and when I sprung the name upon Williams he was inwardly frightened for the moment. It is beginning to grow interesting."

He knew the location of Miss Talcott's cabin, and in passing her window he looked for a light, but the slide within was closed and the curtain drawn.

Williams's berth, as has been said, was forward under the Library, and Billy knew the location of that also. The twelve cabins under the Library, as the reader may be aware, have berths for four in each.

During the time out Billy had ascertained that Pidgely and the cockney were two of Williams's cabin companions, but not until this day had he learned that they were otherwise acquainted. He was now eager to learn who the fourth man of the cabin was, if there was a fourth.

In passing around the head of the houses the second time, he discovered there was a light in this cabin.

The window was not closed tight, nor the slide or curtain drawn, and he looked in.

He saw a lean and wiry dark-skinned man with black hair and eyes.

It was a man he had seen before, but not to give him any attention. He now wondered whether he was a friend of Williams's, or only a stranger who occupied the same cabin by chance.

No one was near, and Billy stopped for a moment to watch.

The man removed his coat and hat and hung them up, donning a dressing-gown and skull-cap instead, and sat down on the cabin settee.

Just then Billy heard steps approaching along the deck, and turned and leaned over the rail until two emigrants, evidently on a walking-match around the deck, had skurried by.

When he turned again to look in at the window another person was in the room.

It was Paul Williams, who had evidently just entered and closed the door, and there was a heavy frown upon his face.

"What's the matter?" the dark man asked.

"Just what I want to find out, Doctor Romur," Williams growled.

The doubt was settled in Billy's mind; the dark man and Williams were on intimate terms.

"Well, what has happened, then?" the dark man demanded. "Isn't everything working to your satisfaction?"

"No, it isn't!"

Williams had flung off his hat, and now reached for the window, to close it, as Billy supposed, and the detective drew quickly out of sight.

The man did not close the window, but pulled down the curtain, and Billy was sure, to his disappointment, that he was cut off from seeing; but on looking he found there was still a narrow space under the curtain.

His suspect had taken a seat on the other end of the settee or lounge.

The dark man was waiting for him to explain.

"Have you noticed that young fellow who has been with me 'most all the afternoon and evening?" Williams asked.

"Yes," the answer.

"Well, he's too infernal sharp by half!"

"Why, Pidgely and Willpool consider him as *their* prey, Paul!"

The door opened as he was saying this, and these two worthies entered and the door was secured.

"Who is ha-taking hof my name hin vain?" the cockney demanded. "What was hit you was ha-saying habout me, sir?" to the dark man.

"I was telling Mr. Williams your opinion of his friend."

"Does 'e mean Kelton, sir?" the cockney asked.

He spoke to Williams.

"Yes," was the answer. "What do you think of him, Dick?"

"What do Hi think hof 'im? Why, Hi think 'e is ha bloomink jay, that his it, sir."

"Well, you don't want to be too sure about it, that is all the warning I have got to give you, for he is as sharp as a ferret. We have got to look out for him."

The others looked at one another in surprise, and then all at Williams.

"I mean what I say," the latter urged. "He is too smart by half, and if we hadn't been taking such mighty good care all along, I would think he smells a rat. He is not the guy you take him for, Dick."

"Hoh, 'e *thinks* 'e knows a whole lot, Hi know," the cockney argued, "but there is ha whole lot 'e don't know, too."

"Well, he may not suspect, but it looks like it."

"What makes you think so?" demanded the dark man.

"I'll tell you," lowering his voice so that Billy had to strain to hear what he said: "He has taken notice of the friendly relationship between the two girls, and he has got hold of the name Augusta."

"*Whew!*"

The dark man drew a prolonged whistle.

"Still, it may be only accidental, but that remains to be proved."

"And how will you prove it?"

"I want you to take him in hand to-morrow, Doctor Romur, and get out of him just what he knows or suspects."

"I can do that, I think. But, suppose we get the proof that he *does* suspect something out of the regular, what then? What will you be able to do with him? Don't forget your own estimate of him."

"I don't forget. If it proves true, there may be a man less when we get to the other side of the pond. Mum is the word, you know."

Billy Weston set his jaws hard, as he heard this.

He knew the man he had to deal with now!

"And if he don't suspect," put in Pidgely, "it will be all the better to play him so nice that he can't suspect."

"I may be all wrong, you know," reminded Williams, "and he may be innocent

of suspecting anything at all, but he is as sharp as spring steel all the same."

Billy heard steps again, and had to draw away from the window and lean against the rail, as though keeping an idle watch in solitude, until the persons had passed, when he again turned to the window.

Now, however, the play was ended.

The window had been closed and the blinds inside closely drawn.

Evidently the passing feet had warned the inmates that there was danger of their being overheard.

Billy tried to hear more, but could not, so he sought his own berth.

He was now forearmed, though he had not fathomed much of the mystery as yet. He had discovered enough to prove that the lawyers who had engaged him had not been wrong in their estimate of the man, Williams.

"So they are going to sound me to-morrow, are they?" Billy said to himself, when in his cabin. "All right! Let them go ahead, I am prepared for them."

Billy occupied his cabin alone, having no room-mate for the voyage, which was greatly to his liking.

"Maybe I made a mistake," he mused, "mentioning that name to Williams, for it has put him on his guard, but I took the chance and mustn't regret it now. The work will be all the harder, no doubt."

So he retired, and for a long time lay awake turning the case over in his mind, trying to get at the bottom of it but in vain. And before he finally fell asleep he became aware that the wind and waves were rising, for the ship was beginning to roll considerably.

When he awoke in the morning a decidedly heavy sea was on.

This did not trouble Broadway Billy, though, for he had brought his sea legs along with him.

"I wonder how many are paying their respects to Father Neptune this morning?" he said to himself, with a smile, as he rolled out of his berth. "I settled my account with him a good while ago, and I guess he has no further claim on me."

It was early, but he dressed and went out on deck, where he was served with a cup of coffee.

"I guess we are going to have some weather, don't you think so?" he said to the steward.

"Yes, we are running into a storm, sir," was the answer.

"And may get a shaking-up, eh?"

"You are right, sir."

One by one male passengers put in their appearance, and later on some of the ladies, but when breakfast was called the dining-room was not crowded.

Williams came in while Billy was eating, gave him a cordial salute with a wave of the hand across the room as soon as saw him, which Billy returned just as though he had heard nothing the night before.

They left the room together.

"Well, this is something like it," Williams greeted, as the ship just then gave a lurch.

"Yes, the old fellow feels a little ruffled this morning, I take it," Billy made response. "Too much for the ladies, I guess."

"Yes, for most of them. I inquired at Miss Talcott's door, and though she is still all right herself her maid has about succumbed. I hope I am able to weather it out. Shall we go up to the smoking-room?"

"That is agreeable to me," Billy answered, and thither they repaired.

CHAPTER V.

BILLY STRIKES THE RIGHT TRAIL.

ABOUT the first person they met was the dark-skinned man, the fourth occupant of Williams's cabin.

"Ha, good-morning, Doctor Romur!" Williams exclaimed. "You were up and

out ahead of me, even before I was awake. How do you find yourself?"

"Excellent, sir," was the hearty response. "How is it with you?"

"The same. Let me make you acquainted with Mr. Kelton, sir. Mr. Kelton, I will introduce you to Doctor Romur, with whom I have the honor to be cabined. The more acquaintances the merrier, I imagine, on a voyage."

"I agree with you," said the dark man. "Mr. Kelton, I am glad to know you, sir."

"We are both glad, then," responded Billy, cheerfully, giving his hand.

The doctor laughed, and the three sat down.

They talked about the change in the weather, and other ordinary topics, till presently they were interrupted by the sudden coming of Pidgely.

"I was looking for you," he said to Williams. "A steward asked me if I had seen you. Said the lady wanted you at once at her state-room. I don't know what's up; didn't ask."

"I'll go at once," said Williams, rising. "Excuse me, gentlemen."

With a nod he was gone, and Pidgely walking on and descending the stairs to the next deck, Billy and the dark man were left together.

Broadway Billy was smiling within, so to say, for he saw through the whole thin scheme. It had evidently been planned on the previous night, and its object was to give Dr. Romur the chance to draw Billy out.

"Now, old fellow," Billy thought, "you have got me; go ahead!"

"This is not your first voyage, I take it, Mr. Kelton," the dark man offered remark.

"What makes you think that?" Billy asked.

"You seem to feel no effect of this tossing and tumbling."

"This is very mild, so far," Billy rejoined. "You are right, however."

"May I ask where you are going?"

"To London, sir."

A few further questions and answer of as little import, and then the wily doctor began operation.

"How long have you known that man, Williams?" he inquired.

"Only since yesterday," Billy answered.

"Well, what do you think of him?"

"Why, he seems to be a pretty good fellow, I think."

"I'm glad you think so. I have felt a little distrustful of him, rooming with him as I am."

"Yes?"

"Yes."

Then both were silent.

"I wonder what relation he holds to that young lady who seems to be under his care?" Romur next put.

"Why, he tells me he is her guardian, sir, and that she is his promised wife," Billy answered. "She seems like a deuced fine girl," he added.

"You are right when you say that. It seems to me there was something about them that was not as it should be, but I can't tell you just what I mean; hardly know myself."

"I guess there's not the slightest reason to doubt his story, sir," assumed Billy. "I made remark to him that the two girls did not appear much like mistress and maid, but he explained it easily and clearly enough. They are all right, you can depend on it."

"I noticed that about the girls too. What did he say?"

Billy told what Williams had said.

"Well, I may be wrong; hope I am," the dark man wound up. "I wasn't favorably impressed with the man, nevertheless."

"On the contrary, I rather like him,"

Billy had to confess, professionally. "Had a very pleasant time with him yesterday, and hope to see a good deal more of him before we get across. He's good company."

"You won't mention what I have been saying?"

"Assuredly not, sir."

From that point their conversation took a turn, and nothing further was said that would be of interest to the reader.

When they parted, finally, Billy passed out to the deck on the port side, the side the huge waves were attacking, and enjoyed for a time the splendid spectacle there presented.

Going in by the grand entrance, when he had had enough of that, he entered the drawing room.

There he found Miss Talcott and her maid, the latter decidedly pale.

Miss Talcott greeted him with a smile.

"Quite a change since yesterday," Billy offered remark.

"Yes, indeed, sir; and I am afraid my poor maid is not going to bear up much longer."

"She certainly looks almost overcome now. She ought really to be in bed, I should say. Mr. Williams was telling me how attached she is to you, and I suppose she will keep up as long as possible."

The maid smiled in a very weakly manner.

"Not only is she attached to me, Mr. Kelton," Miss Talcott made haste to say, "but I am greatly drawn to her. We are really like sisters, I am sure. She very often calls me by my first name, the same as I do her, and to be the more affectionate, sometimes uses my middle name—Augusta."

She watched Billy closely as she made this statement, but little she could read in his immobile countenance.

He saw through it all, of course. He recognized that Williams had cautioned her, and if he had not put the words in her mouth, he had at least suggested the plan and story!

Billy might have embarrassed her, by putting some keen questions, but that was not his policy now.

His purpose was to allay suspicion as much as possible.

Before night a terrific storm was raging, and the great ocean grayhound was but a plaything for the angry waves which frequently broke over her.

Scarcely a woman was to be seen anywhere, and even the men were wonderfully thinned out from the library and smoking-room. Old Neptune was commanding obedience on a grand scale.

Broadway Billy, however, kept his legs throughout.

His voyage around Cape Horn, as a sailor, some years before, had made him a sailor in truth.

Dick Willpool, the cockney, was about as sick as mortal can be, and after him in the same cabin fell Pidgely, and before night Williams himself succumbed.

Doctor Romur was the only one, of that cabin, who rode out the storm, which lasted two full days, and he and Billy kept each other company much of the time, Billy ever on the alert for further light upon the mystery.

It was in vain, however, that he tried to get anything out of Doctor Romur.

And then he had to play his part with such caution that he did not have much ground to work upon.

By the time the storm abated, they were nearing their first destination, and Billy realized that if he accomplished anything on board, it must be done quickly.

The storm had worked greatly to his disadvantage.

If the calm weather could have continued throughout the passage, so that the passengers could have all kept their feet, he would

undoubtedly have made some substantial headway ere this.

The morning of the third day dawned clear and bright—the third from the beginning of the storm, and though the sea was still high, most of the passengers had so far recovered as to be able to be in their accustomed places once more, and among these was Miss Talcott.

Not so her poor maid, however.

Billy inquired about her, and Miss Talcott reported that she was quite sick, more so than the simple *mal de mer* would account for.

As soon as chance offered, the detective put himself in the way of the ship's doctor to make inquiry of him, and when he got the opportunity, he asked:

"Doctor, how is that lady in cabin No. 50?"

"Friend of yours?" asked the doctor.

"Yes," assured Billy.

"Well, she is a sick woman, or girl. All the symptoms of a fever, yet with no fever to account for it, sir. I can't make up my mind about her case."

Half an hour later saw Broadway Billy in a clever disguise, and he made it a point to get into the company of Paul Williams, not to make one with him, but to be near him.

He found him and Romur in the second-class smoking-room on the poop, holding a private confab.

Their talk was nearly ended when Billy discovered them, and Romur had a tiny bottle in his fingers which he was showing to Williams and talking about earnestly, as was readily seen.

Finally he gave the vial to Williams's keeping, and they parted.

"My fine fellow, I'll watch you now!" thought Billy, on the keen scent of the uncovered game.

Williams went straight down to the upper deck, and to the door of Miss Talcott's cabin, where he knocked and looked in.

The person he sought was not there, however, so he retraced his way to the grand staircase, by which he ascended to the drawing-room, where he found Miss Talcott, and he sat down by her.

They talked for a few moments, and then rose and went forward and out upon the deck on the port side.

Billy watched, and saw the tiny bottle pass into Miss Talcott's keeping.

And to her Williams gave the same directions he had received, as was evident by the earnest words he had to say concerning the vial, but which Billy could not overhear.

What did it mean?

Was it possible that Dr. Romur was usurping the place of the ship's doctor, thus stealthily?

But, perhaps he understood the case well, and knew just what was the trouble and just what to do— But, how could he? He had told Billy he was a Londoner, and had only been over on a sight-seeing excursion.

Miss Talcott put the vial in her jacket pocket, and when they parted she entered by the way they had gone out, while Williams moved aft along the deck outside.

As she entered the doorway, Broadway Billy, in his disguise, was just in the act of going out, and, a lurch of the ship causing him to rudely collide with her, that vial came into his possession without any one being the wiser.

CHAPTER VI.

BILLY'S COUP DE MAITRE.

FOR Billy Weston meant to know what that bottled contained!

When he had removed his disguise he went straight to the ship's dispensary, where he entered.

This, on the *Campania*, is located on the upper deck, starboard side, abaft the grand

entrance and adjoining the purser's room. It is little lacking of a city drug store.

The attendant happened to be disengaged at the time.

"May I trouble you, sir?" asked Billy.

"I am here to do your pleasure," was the respectful response.

"Well, can you tell me what this bottle contains?" and Billy handed him the vial.

"The matter may puzzle me, sir," said the man, and he gave Billy a look as if to make sure he was not jesting with him.

"You can tell whether it is a poison or not, I suppose?" Billy queried.

At this the chemist appeared startled, and eyed Billy the more closely still, wondering what it all meant.

"Do you suspect that it is poison?" he demanded.

"It will not surprise me if you say it is," Billy answered.

A new suspicion had been born in his mind, now, and he was prepared.

"If that is the case, sir, I will test it for poison," said the attendant.

"Do so if you please," the detective-on-guard urged.

The apothecary proceeded to do so, but made several tests before he met with any satisfying result, and when at last he did succeed he gave a start and his face slightly paled.

"I never expected to find *that*," he gasped.

"What is it?" Billy asked.

"A poison as deadly as it is rare, sir! Where did you get it?"

"I removed it from a place where I thought it was likely to do harm," Billy answered. "Did you put it up?"

"Decidedly not, sir! Never had a drop of it aboard, sir. I doubt whether you could find it outside of London, or possibly in New York. What are you going to do with it?"

"You may pour it out, and put something harmless in its place, if you will, please."

"I'm only too glad to dispose of such deadly stuff."

"Can it be used as *medicine*?" Billy asked, staying the chemist's hand for a moment.

"Yes, it can, in certain cases, but only by drops."

"With what effect?"

"It will quiet a raving person, when nothing else will. A little more will cast one into a death-seeming state of coma."

"Out with it, then!" cried Billy. "Don't let a vestige of it remain. I will never allow it to fall again into other hands, for I suspect that no honest work was intended."

"But you require something else in its stead?"

"Something which will pass for the same, in appearance, but which will be as harmless as water."

"I will oblige you; but, you ought to let me know more about this matter. I ought to know where this came from, and who is handling such drugs aboard this steamer. Really, I insist upon knowing, sir."

"And if I decline to tell?"

"I shall have to call the attention of the officers to you yourself."

The man meant it, and Billy had expected nothing short of this. He was prepared for the emergency.

"Well," he said, "while I cannot tell you all you would like to know, sir, I think I can satisfy you that I can take care of the case, since you have now disposed of the drug."

"What do you mean?"

"Look at this."

Billy had thrown open his vest, and there upon his suspender glittered his gold badge!

"A detective!" the man exclaimed, in astonishment.

"Yes, as you see. I am here with a *purpose*. I am shadowing some suspects from New York to London, and this has given me proof against them. I would have kept the poison, but it was dangerous stuff, and

I can rely upon you if it is called into question."

"Assuredly, sir."

"You must keep my secret, for should that come out I might be baffled, or get a dose of this drug myself, if there is a further supply on board, but I do not think there is."

"It is not likely there is. It is deucedly costly stuff, and what you had here is probably all that was bought at one time."

"Then it is quite certain there is no more of it on board."

Billy had further talk with the man, and when he left the place he knew he had won his confidence and that his secret was in safe keeping.

When he reached the grand entrance, only a few paces distant, he saw Miss Talcott coming through the passageway from the direction of the cabin, looking along the floor as if in search of something she had lost.

When she came nearer, Billy could see there was a troubled look upon her face.

"Lost something, Miss Talcott?" he asked.

She started, but seeing who it was, smiled.

"Yes," she answered. "I have lost a tiny bottle of medicine which the doctor gave me for Mary. I had it in this pocket," indicating, "and I can't imagine where I dropped it."

"Maybe I am the lucky finder," rejoined Billy. "Is this it?"

He showed the vial.

"How fortunate!" the young woman cried. "Yes; that is the very bottle! Where did you find it?"

"Near one of the entrances on the promenade deck. I intended taking it to the dispensary, not knowing to whom it belonged or what it might contain. You are *sure* it is the one?"

"Yes; this bit of wax proves it. And now, I remember, a clumsy man ran against me there just as I was coming in. I am very grateful to you, Mr. Kelton."

"Don't mention it. How is your maid?"

"She is no better. I am really afraid for her. She was not strong at the best."

"No doubt she will rapidly improve when she gets on shore," Billy suggested. "The voyage has been too much for her, with the storm."

"I certainly hope so, sir, for I do not see how I could part with her."

"You think it is so serious?" Billy exclaimed in surprise. "You do not think she will die?"

The question was of vital importance, to him.

Upon the answer he must depend for the clue regarding their intention with the poison.

"Oh, no! I do not think that," the young woman was quick to exclaim. "The thought of it fills me with horror. But, unless she gets better Mr. Williams says we shall have to leave her at Liverpool."

"You really startled me," said Billy. "I thought you meant she was in danger of death."

"Oh, no; we do not think that, Mr. Kelton."

"I am glad."

Billy had reason to doubt her; in fact, he had good reason to believe what she said. The care with which the poison had been passed from hand to hand was enough, in the light of what the ship's apothecary had said concerning its effects.

No doubt Dr. Romur had given very explicit directions for its use.

The young woman went straight back to her state-room, and Billy went as directly to his own to don another disguise.

When he came forth he looked not unlike the ship's doctor, and it was a resemblance that was intentional. He intended paying a

visit to the sick girl's cabin, to learn something.

As said, he had a new suspicion.

It was, however, one he could not explain to his satisfaction; he must ferret it out.

The further Billy proceeded in the matter, the greater became his respect for the lawyers who had engaged him, Taylor & Tuxson. They had not been mistaken in their estimate of Paul Williams.

He met one of the stewards soon after, coming out of his cabin, and the man made advance as if to speak to him, but drew back when on the point of doing so, begging pardon.

Billy smiled and passed on. He knew his disguise was tolerably good, if one of the stewards mistook him for the ship's doctor.

He went where he commanded a view of Miss Talcott's cabin, and waited.

Presently Miss Talcott came out, closing the door after her softly, and disappeared in the direction of the grand stairway.

As soon as she was out of sight, Broadway Billy stepped forward to the door of the state-room, opened it, and entered, finding the room in semi-darkness and the maid asleep in the lower berth.

He was taking long risks, but he could afford to take them, knowing what he knew.

Having closed the door, he knelt by the berth.

"*Rosamond*?" he called, in low tone. "*Rosamond*?"

He had to repeat the name several times before the girl awakened.

"How are you feeling now?" he tenderly asked, when at last she opened her eyes to him.

She gave a start, and quickly asked:

"Where is Au—where is Miss Talcott, sir? Is she not here?"

"Augusta has stepped out for a moment," Billy deliberately responded. "You are Miss Talcott."

"Who told you—who are you, sir?"

"I am the doctor, you know, my child. Your friends have told me all about it, so have no fear."

"They have been cautioning me *not* to tell—it seems so strange! But, of course they trust *you*, or they would not have told you. Do you think there is any danger?"

"Danger?"

"Yes; did they not tell you?"

"You mean danger for yourself, my child?"

"Yes; you know, sir, I am an heiress, and they are taking me to England with all the secrecy possible."

"Oh, yes, yes; I understand that," Billy quickly agreed; and indeed he did.

He understood it as one of the most gigantic schemes he had ever been called upon to deal with.

CHAPTER VII.

THE CAT GETS OUT.

BILLY's thoughts flew over the whole ground like lightning.

He saw the whole scheme, now, and he saw also the strength of the fortifications behind which the wily schemers were intrenched.

Here before him lay the true heiress of Lord Talcott, whose false friends were stealing her identity, her fortune, and her name, and she herself was unwittingly lending her aid to their machination!

And it looked as if the poor girl was helplessly in their toils. Starting with her as the heiress, from Indianapolis, the other had been presented in her stead in New York, and now so far from home and friends what was to hinder their carrying out their heinous plot?

Billy grimly resolved then and there that, if life was spared him, he would "put a spoke in their wheel" for them.

"Have you taken your drops?" he inquired with barely a break.

"Yes; Miss Tal—I mean Augusta—gave them to me before I fell asleep. She said you told her they would speedily help me."

So great was Billy's indignation that he could hardly contain himself.

"They will at any rate do you no harm," he made response, with an emphasis he made no effort to conceal.

"You think I will get well, do you not?" the girl asked.

"Oh, yes; you will get well," Billy assured. "You are well now, as soon as you get your strength back again. I am not going to give you any more medicine."

"Oh! I am so glad!"

"And you must not take any more from anybody; do you understand?"

"Certainly, I understand. But, no one will want me to take any more, if you do not wish it, sir."

"I must give you a word of caution which you must not breathe to a living soul," Billy spoke earnestly. "You must refuse to take any medicine for *anybody*."

"You alarm me, sir!"

"You have foes on this steamer, and you must be on your guard."

"Then Augusta and Mr. Williams were right; they said I might be in danger in traveling. How good of Augusta to take my place!"

"Very good indeed," said Billy, grimly. "But, even *she* may be imposed upon, for your foes are powerful and they may deceive even her, so, refuse to take any more medicine."

"I will tell Augusta—"

"Not by any means! It would needlessly alarm her."

"Mercy! I did not think of this: *She* is the one in danger: she is *playing* my role."

Billy saw he had taken one step too many, in his desire to arouse this poor victim of a nefarious scheme to a sense of her danger, but, there was no drawing back now.

"These foes suspect the truth," he said quickly. "Do not mention to a living soul what I have told you thus privately."

Billy knew it would be useless to tell her more, for he could never destroy her faith in her false friends until he could back his words with the proofs of their perfidy, and this he could not do just yet.

"What did I understand your friend's last name to be?" he asked. "She told me her name, but I have forgotten it."

"Her name is Augusta Hopkins."

"Yes, true enough. And she was your companion at school?"

"Yes; we have known each other for years. She is the very best friend I ever had."

"And she knows all about your life, of course, so that it is very easy for her to take your part while you are traveling thus incog?"

"Oh, yes, sir; it is very easy for her, to do that."

"So I suppose."

"But, sir, how did you know of my danger?"

"I have overheard something, and adding that to what your friend has told me, I guessed the rest."

"Oh!"

"Mind! Not a word of this talk to any one, not even to Augusta or Williams!"

Billy stood up to take his leave, then, and just as he was upon his feet the door opened and the false Miss Talcott came in!

She gave a start and a little scream, at finding a man there, and coming in from the light she could not for the moment see just who it was, but Billy, who had by this time become accustomed to the semi-darkness quickly said:

"I dropped in again to see our patient, and I find her better."

He had seen enough of the ship's doctor to be able to imitate his voice and manner.

"Oh, it is you!" with much relief. "I am glad you find her better. But, I thought I saw you on the next deck not a minute ago."

"The proof to the contrary is before you, Miss Talcott," with a laugh. "Yes, your maid is much better, and I have ordered her to take no more medicine whatever."

"No more at all?"

"Not another drop! She will now do better without it, as all the appearances are strongly in her favor. Maybe I will drop in again, however, to see her."

He had moved around Miss Talcott—let us still call her by that name—to the door, and having laid his hand on the knob, he turned it and slipped out and was gone.

In a few brief seconds he was in his own cabin.

"Sweet pertaters!" he exclaimed in whisper, going back to the favorite expletive of his boyhood days. "Here's a case with a vengeance! It will be strange if we don't have some fun, now! The cat will be out as soon as that beautiful devil falls in with the doctor."

He lost no time in getting rid of his disguise, putting it in one of his secret pockets and made haste to show himself on a distant part of the ship.

Presently he fell in with Willpool, who, pale as a ghost, was taking his first outing since the storm.

"Ello!" he greeted Billy. "You look as 'earty as hever."

"Oh, yes, I am all right," Billy answered. "How is it with you? You look a little out of sorts."

"Hout of sorts! Blarst me bloomink heyas if Hi don't feel as if Hi was hout of heverything, or has if heverything was hout of me, just has you please, Mr. Kelton."

Billy laughed heartily, and made a companion of the fellow for quite awhile, for an *alibi*, should he need one.

In the mean time Miss Talcott and her maid had had a talk.

Miss Talcott gazed fixedly at the door for a moment after the supposed doctor was gone, then turned to her maid.

"How long was he here, Mary?" she asked.

"Several minutes, Augusta," was the reply.

"*Sh!*" hissed the other. "Why will you call me that?"

"We are alone, here, and surely it can make no difference af—"

"It *does* make a difference, though. Unless you call me Miss Talcott *all* the time, you are likely to make another unpardonable blunder like you did the other day."

"But, you told the doctor, and—"

"What? What do you say?"

"You told the doctor all about me, and how we are traveling, and—"

"I have done nothing of the kind. What are you talking about, Mary Marks? I know you by no other name, you see."

"Oh, Augusta, how *can* you speak so crossly to me? I know it is all for my own good, but surely you can be kind here where no one can overhear what we say to each other."

"Forgive me, dearest!" the other said softly, and she fell upon her knees beside the berth and embraced the helpless victim of her deceit. "Forgive me."

They embraced, the true Miss Talcott clinging to the false with tender affection.

"But what did the doctor say?" asked the false.

"He said you had told him everything about our plans for my safety," answered the true.

"The doctor told you *that*? Why, I said nothing of the kind to him! What *can* it mean, I wonder? Tell me all about it. Tell

me every word he said to you. I *must* know at once."

She seemed excited.

"Why, he called me by my right name, saying he knew who I was, and that my friends had told him all about it. I told him it was strange, but he seemed to be aware of everything."

"Was that all?"

"He said he was not going to give me any more medicine, that I would get well without it. And he said—said—"

She paused, remembering the caution she had received.

"He said what?"

"He said it was very good of you to take my place for my safety."

"The doctor said *that* to you? How did he know? How *could* he know? Why, I was never so amazed in my life, Mary!"

"I do not know, further than what he said himself—that you had told him. I was surprised, too, but the proof of what he said was in the words he spoke, and how could I doubt?"

"And you say you feel better?"

"Yes: my sleep has done me worlds of good."

"And you do not feel faint? You do not feel drowsy?"

"No, no; I am feeling well; I believe I can get up very soon."

Miss Talcott—still let us call her by that name, as before agreed—stood astounded.

"Maybe it was Mr. Williams who told him," she said for an excuse. "I must go and see him at once. Be of good cheer till I return, dear."

She opened the door and was gone.

In the passageway she came face to face with the doctor, who stopped, smiling cheerfully.

The young woman could only stare at him, and when he made kind inquiry about her maid she only stared the harder. Had all the world—their world—gone mad?

"Why, surely you must know very well how she is, sir," she answered him, in her amazement. "You left my cabin not ten minutes—not five minutes ago, you remember. You said— But, is it possible it was *not* you?"

It was the doctor's turn to stare, and he was staring.

CHAPTER VIII.

BILLY SCORES A POINT.

MISS TALCOTT was puzzled, if ever in her life.

She could not understand it, and in her efforts to grasp the situation she became bewildered.

"I have not been to your state-room since early morning, Miss Talcott," the doctor declared. "I cannot understand what you mean. Have you been dreaming? It certainly must be so."

"It positively is not so, sir. If not you it was your ghost, and you pronounced the patient better, and directed that no more medicine should be given. What does it mean, sir? If it was not you, who then was it? Do you really and positively insist it was not you?"

"I declare most positively it was not I, madam."

"Then who can it have been?"

"I know not."

Miss Talcott was pale, and a frightened look was in her eyes.

The doctor watched her keenly, as though questioning within his mind whether or not she was altogether right in the head.

With a further brief exchange of words they parted, and Miss Talcott hastened on her way, in quest of Williams, whom she was eagerly anxious to see, to lay the matter before him.

Finally she found him, and drew him aside.

"What is it?" he demanded.
He could see at a glance something was wrong.
"The secret is out," gasped the young woman, in affright.
"What do you mean?"
"Some one is onto our game!"
"The deuce!"
"Yes, and a spy has been in my cabin and talked with Rosamond!"
"Sh! Why don't you be careful how you use that name? That is the very first slip you have made."
"It was no slip; I said it purposely. Somebody on board this ship knows the whole truth, and the game is up, I am afraid. We are going to get into trouble if we don't look out."
"Pshaw! you have seen your shadow and it has frightened you. Tell me all about it, and let's see what there is in it."
The young woman thereupon told him all she knew of the mystery.
By the time she had done, Williams's face was serious enough, and there was a hunted, desperate look in his eyes.
"But, the drops!" he asked. "Have they not taken effect?"
"Not the slightest, that I can detect."
"And yet you gave them?"
"I did."
"Fifteen?"
"Exactly that number."
"I cannot understand it, Augusta."
"Who, now, is forgetting? Be more careful, Paul!"
"Was that vial out of your hands after I gave it to you?" the man asked.
The young woman clasped her hands quickly and bit her lip as the recollection of losing it came to her mind.
"I thought so," sneered Williams.
"Yes, it was out of my hands, for I lost it after you gave it to me."
"Where and how did you lose it?"
She told him, and also how it had been restored to her, and as soon as Kelton was mentioned Williams muttered an oath.
"That fellow again?" he growled. "By heavens, I will attend to him! Now I am sure my suspicion of him is well founded. He is the fellow who is prying into our affairs."
"Oh, it does not seem possible."
"I don't care what it seems; I believe it's so all the same."
"And what will you do? You must not do him harm, Paul, unless you can be very sure."
"Haven't we the proof of it now? That vial of drops was in his hands, and when you gave them to the silly thing they had no effect. What more do you want?"
"Maybe Romur made a mistake?"
"Not he."
"Maybe some one else had the vial before Mr. Kelton found it?"
"And took the trouble to pour out the poison and put something else in the vial in its place?"
"Well, maybe it has taken effect by this time."
"See here! are you trying to find excuses for that fellow? Do you care anything for him?"
The girl's face flushed, but she retorted sharply:
"Do you take me for a fool? Do you think I would let it stand in the way of title and fortune, if I did?"
"Well, no, I think I know you well enough for that, 'Gus. But, come; let's go to the cabin and see the ill-favored creature, and if she is not under the effect of the drug yet I'll take the vial to Romur."
They descended to the state-room.
There they found that their victim was feeling even better than when she had last been seen, so short a time before.
Williams had a few words to say to her in his most pleasing manner, and left the

room, taking the vial with him, it having been slipped into his hand by his heartless ally.
He set off straightway to find his other accomplice, but before he did find him he met Broadway Billy.
"Hello!" he greeted, pleasantly. "Where have you been keeping yourself for the past hour or two, Mr. Kelton?"
"I have been spending most of that time, and maybe more, with your friend Willpool," Billy promptly answered. "He is out again."
"Have you seen anything of Doctor Romur?"
"I have not, lately."
"Well, I'll find him presently, no doubt. I must thank you for restoring to Miss Talcott the vial you found. By the way, where was it you picked it up?"
Billy explained, naming the place where he had purposely collided with the young woman; and, thanking him again, Williams went on, leaving Billy in possession of the fact that the discovery of a foe in the camp had been made.
"It will puzzle them to bring it home to me, though," Billy reflected. "If they do, I'll be in for it. Well, I'm prepared; let them open the ball!"
When Williams found Romur he gave him the facts without loss of time.
"Took no effect!" the dark man exclaimed, referring to the drops. "Then it is as you suspect. Let's go to the cabin."
To their cabin they repaired, and while they were there in consultation land was sighted and excitement prevailed immediately. The passengers all crowded forward to see it.
The noble steamship had made one of her usually excellent runs, and the coast of Ireland was in sight.
Broadway Billy showed interest, but he had greater interest elsewhere.
He saw, presently, Williams, Romur, Pidgely, and the cockney, all talking together earnestly, and he rightly guessed what they were talking about.
"I'll see if I can't take in a little of that," he said to himself.
He slipped quietly out of sight, soon reappearing in a disguise, and took up his station as near the four as possible.
"Yes, at Queenstown," he heard Williams say.
"Then I'll write the telegrams immediately, and have them ready," proposed Dr. Romur.
"Yes, do it," the ringleader urged. "We will take no more chances, now. It has gone too far, already. We'll dump him!"
"If he is the one."
"Yes, if he is the one. He is keener than a fox, if he is the man who's after us."
"Which Hi can't see 'ow 'e is," put in the cockney. "'E was with me the whole blasted time hof which you speak, han' Hi can't see 'ow 'e could be hin two places hat wanst, don't ye know."
"If he isn't the man, *who is?*" growled Williams.
"Hi give it hup, sir."
"Well, each man of you do his part, anyhow. Where is the fellow now, I wonder?"
"He was over there only a minute or two ago," Pidgely assured.
"He went around the other side," explained Romur.
"Well, find him and watch him, that is all, you two; and you, Doctor Romur, see about your telegrams."
So they parted, and there could be no mistake in the mind of the detective concerning whom they meant. They meant *him*, and it would pay him to be wary of them, he knew.
They were on the promenade deck, forward, at the time, and Romur entered the Library.

Billy, in his disguise, followed with due care.
Romur took a seat at one of the writing desks in the Library, and producing paper, proceeded to write.
Each of these tables, or desks, is provided with a leather-bound blotting-book, among other things, consisting of several pages of fine blotting-paper.
Romur wrote two or three brief telegrams, blotting each one on the book as soon as done, and when he had finished his task he closed the book and rose immediately and passed out of the room.
It was now Broadway Billy's turn.
He had taken particular notice of the place where the book had been open, and stepping to the desk it was no trouble for him to open it again in the same spot.
Some one had made a fancy figure on the opposite page with a pen, and Billy was guided by that. With his knife he loosened the page Romur had used, and carefully folding it carried it away with him.
If any one noticed him it was only passing, and a glance would have given the impression that he was folding a letter.
Going to his state-room, he there applied the looking-glass test.
The blotter had been used before, of course, but as soon as he got the date and the signature he had something to guide him.
He made out more or less of each of the telegram, and particularly plain was the address of one intended for Liverpool. That address Billy fixed in his mind so that it would stay there. It might be of use to him later on.

CHAPTER IX.
BILLY DOWN, BUT UP AGAIN.

FROM that time on Broadway Billy exerted himself to avert suspicion.
He was well aware that his movements were watched, and he made himself as artless and open as he possibly could.
Having become decidedly chummy with Willpool, the cockney, he was much of the time in his company, yet not to the slighting of Miss Talcott and her maid—the latter having insisted upon being out.
It had been a relief to Billy's mind to learn that it was not the intention of the conspirators to poison the girl to her death. Had such been the case, he would have had to take decidedly more aggressive steps than he was taking. It was his regret that the steamer was not bound the other way.
Had she been approaching New York he would have made the arrests as soon as she entered United States waters.
As it was, he was well aware that his case against them was not sufficiently strong to stand the test, yet. He would have to let them go their full length, almost, and so place the rope around their own necks.
When the vessel touched at Queenstown, Dr. Romur sent his telegram on shore to be forwarded, and by the same means Broadway Billy dispatched a cablegram in cipher to Taylor & Tuxson, New York, as per agreement with them before sailing.
The mail having been discharged, the *Campania* steamed out of the harbor, and the additional run to Liverpool was quickly accomplished.
In due season the noble steamship was safely anchored in the Mersey, and a tender was soon alongside to transfer the passengers ashore.
Many of the passengers hurried on board as soon as permitted to do so, while others loitered and were in no haste, and among the first mentioned were Paul Williams and his company.
Broadway Billy had prepared to follow these, yet without the appearance of doing so, if possible. He had taken leave of the party, and their acquaintance was nominally at an end. No sooner had the ship touched Princess Dock than the passengers had

drawn themselves into their shells—so to put it. Most of them were again as strangers to one another.

As soon as his baggage—consisting of a gripsack—had been passed by the Custom House officers, Billy engaged a hansom, having taken note that Williams and the two girls entered a four-wheeler.

"And wheer is it to-a?" the cabby asked, happening to be a Scot.

"Take me where that stage over there goes" said Billy, indicating. "That is my place, too."

"Tha cab it is, m'lord! All right, m'lord! Two and saxpence will be the fare, m'lord. It is in you are and away we goes, m'lord."

Billy smiled as he got into the vehicle, and the cabby mounting to his place, they were immediately rattling through the streets in the direction of a destination known only to the driver.

"Lesson the first," said Billy to himself, still smiling. "And I'm a lord—Ha, ha, ha! Two-and-sixpence, eh? That is how much in U. S.? Ha! a cabman is a cabman the world over, I'll be bound."

Billy was the more convinced of this when the hansom stopped, after going a distance that certainly was not more than half a mile.

He alighted and paid the mentioned amount without a word.

The stop had been made before the Northwestern Hotel, and Billy entered with as much sang-froid as though he had been there a hundred times before.

He made inquiry for a time-table of the Midland Railway, not caring to engage anything at the hotel until he had learned something of the intention of his suspects, and here he learned that a time-table in England is also a "tables of service."

Having received what he wanted, in the form of a neatly folded page printed in red and blue, he fell to studying it while he awaited the arrival of the omnibus. And it required study, too, for the change from the clear-cut time-table of the American railroads was at least noticeable.

Billy had just made out that the time-distance to London was about five hours and twenty minutes, when the cab drew up.

To his surprise, Williams and the young women were not with it!

"Tricked!" Billy immediately exclaimed.

If tricked, however, he was not balked, and taking up his grip, he marched out to the driver of the cab.

"A word with you, my friend?" he asked. "And ye will be quick about it ye may, sor," the response.

"Where did you drop that gentleman and the two ladies who got in your cab at the dock? I thought they were coming here."

"Sure, Oi didn't set thim down at all, sor, fur they didn't come wid me. Oi had thim in, sor, but they got out again before Oi started, and dheir luggage wid dhem, sor."

Billy had tossed the Irish driver a shilling while he was speaking, which had the immediate effect to make the fellow willing to talk.

"Can you tell me where they went, then?"

"Oi can't, sor, but Oi can help you, maybe. Dhe plain-lookin' wan av dhe two leddies got into a cab wid a dark-skinned man, while dhe other leddy took another cab, sor."

"I'm much obliged to you, but that does not help me greatly."

"Oi have wan tip more Oi can give ye, sor. Dhe dhriver av dhe cab dhe gintleman and dhe leddy wint in was Dinny O'Toole."

"Where can I find him?"

The driver of the cab mentioned where he might be found in an hour or so, and that was all the information Billy could get.

"Yes, tricked," he said to himself again, "and in the neatest kind of way, too. But, the game isn't ended yet, and I'll have another inning or two before it is done, I guess."

Going back into the hotel, Billy sat down to think for a few moments.

He believed the party would take the very first train to London, without any delay whatever in Liverpool.

Of this he could not be sure, however, and being in a strange city, to say nothing of a strange land, he was placed at a great disadvantage all around. But, he did not despair.

It came to him to telegraph to the London solicitors, Wapple & Carpinger, putting them on their guard, and this he did without delay. He suggested that they exhibit no suspicion, but simply delay matters until he could see them in person, which he promised to do as early as possible.

Having done this, Billy put on his thinking cap in earnest.

Ha! What of the address to which one of Romur's telegrams had been sent, in Liverpool? Had Miss Talcott been taken there?

It had not escaped him, he having fixed it on his mind.

"I must learn what manner of place it is, at least," he told himself. "I am off the track, and must get on again as speedily as possible."

He inquired of the hall porter where he could get a thoroughly reliable cabby, one with a grain of keen intelligence, to take him around the city a little before he set out for London.

The porter knew where just such a man could be found, and said he would telephone for him, and did.

When the man came, Billy was favorably impressed at sight.

"Here is something for your pocket, my man," Billy said first of all, and he slipped a half-sovereign in his hand. "I will pay you the regular fare besides, of course."

The man was a sturdy young Englishman.

"Thanks, m' lord," he said. "You 'ave honly to command me, your 'ighness."

"Never mind the trimmings," said Billy, smiling. "Plain sir is good enough for me. Do you know where this place is?"

He named the address he had learned from the blotting paper.

"Hi know the street well enough, sir," the driver answered, "but Hi don't bring the number to mind. That don't matter, though, so long as we know it."

"Well, we will go there, but you are not to stop at the number. Just drive past it slowly."

"Let me see, sir; hit ain't—yes, no, yes—by 'eavens, hit must be, sir!"

"It must be what?"

"Doctor Romur's Retreat."

Billy felt a thrill of delight at this revelation.

"What kind of a place is that?" he asked.

"Why, a place where they take crazy folks, and sech, fer pay, sir."

"And you think this is the place?"

"Hi'm sure hof it, hif you are sure hof the number. Hi know where No. 209 his, sir, hand 'ang me but this place his hopposite."

"Do you know this Doctor Romur?"

"Hi 'ave seen 'im."

"What sort of man is he, in looks?"

"Ha dark, thin man, sir; like ha Hindian, sir."

"That is the man and that's the place, no doubt about it now. Take me there, and drive slowly past the building."

Billy got into the conveyance, after pausing only long enough to arrange with the driver a signal by which he might know the place when they came to it, and they were soon rattling away.

In due time the signal was given.

Billy had inquired which side of the cab the house would be on, and looking out he saw an old-fashioned, heavy-looking house inclosed within a stone wall.

The cab was moving slowly, and Billy

had a good chance to view the place as he was driven past. He saw an iron gate, and the place looked not unlike a semi-prison of some kind.

When the cab had turned the corner, Billy stopped it.

The driver sprung down and appeared at the door.

"Are you a man of nerve?" Billy asked.

"Ha man hof nerve?"

"Yes."

"Well, Hi 'ope Hi am, sir."

"And so do I. There is a prisoner in that place, and I am going to have her out."

"My heyes! 'Ow will you go habout it, sir? You must look hout for the law, ye know. Hit will be ha serious thing to henter that 'ouse."

"It will be a good deal more serious if I don't enter it. I can accomplish it all right, if I can depend on you. I'll give you the other half of that sov., besides the fare, if you'll help me."

They had an earnest talk, the result of which was that Billy won the man's confidence, and he promised his aid to the last gasp, if need be, in the rescuing of the young woman from the toils of her foes. And feeling that he could trust the fellow, Billy proceeded boldly.

CHAPTER X.

A SHOWING OF AMERICAN GRIT.

THE cabman turned his vehicle and drove back to the gate, where he stopped, and Billy got out.

There was a bell-pull in the wall by the side of the gate, and Billy gave a tug at that in a decidedly business-like fashion, and waited.

Presently a man came down the walk from the house, which stood back a little from the street, a big, rough-looking fellow with a face calculated to remind one of a bulldog.

"What's wanted?" he demanded.

"I want to see Dr. Romur, immediately," said Billy.

The man unfastened the gate and admitted him into the grounds, and led the way to the house.

"Who shall I say it is, sir?" he asked, on reaching the door.

"Never mind the name," answered Billy; "just say I am here on account of Mr. Williams, and on important business."

"All right, sir. Come in, sir."

They entered, and the door was closed after them.

No sooner was the door closed, than the cabman, who had engaged a boy to hold his horse, scaled the gate.

As soon as over he unfastened the gate and left it ajar, and advanced to the door, where he stood and waited for whatever might come.

Meanwhile, Billy had been shown into a room, where the man left him alone, while he went to announce his presence, and while he waited Billy made sure that his brace of trusty revolvers were ready.

In a few moments Dr. Romur entered.

A smile was upon his face as he opened the door, but at sight of Billy it disappeared to freeze there, or to wither into a dry, idiotic grin.

His dark face, too, took on a sickly, dirty-looking paleness, and he was only able to gasp:

"You!"

"As you see," said Billy, coolly.

"What do you want here? What means this lie you sent me?"

"I am here for the purpose of taking Miss Rosamond Talcott away with me, sir," was the bold reply.

"Are you crazy, young man? You certainly must be. Miss Rosamond Talcott is not here, nor has she been here. She is now on her way to London, no doubt."

"Then I will take the young woman who has been known as her maid."

"She is with her mistress. What do you suppose I know about her? How did you find your way here? What do you mean by thus—"

"I mean *business*, straight from the shoulder!" interrupted Billy. "I have come here for that girl, and I am going to have her. I want you to take me to her immediately."

He had drawn his revolvers, and had the rascal covered.

Romur retreated into a corner, pale as death, waving his hands wildly and at the same time crying out:

"Don't! Don't, sir! You might accidentally let one go off! Pray point those things another way! Good heavens! you must be mad, sir, mad!"

"Yes, they *may* go off," retorted Billy, sternly, "but it won't be by accident if they do. Take me at once to that girl, or I will give you a pill of American cold lead that will make you sick."

"But, sir—"

"Not a single but; do as I order!"

Billy advanced, pointing both weapons straight at the rascal's nose.

The man with the bulldog face, hearing the high words, now entered the door to learn what was wrong.

Immediately one of the glittering five-shooters, swept around and took a bead on him, and he, too, grew pale as death. This was too much for his nerve, big as he was.

"I'll give you just two seconds to obey me!" cried Billy. "Take me to the room where that young lady is."

"Take him up, Pillkins! take him up!" gasped the doctor.

"You will *both* take me up!" decreed Billy. "Go at once, and if you attempt to fool with me I will drop you like I would a wolf. I have not come from the States on this trail to be balked now, you can bet your boots."

This bit of American grit—it was no "bluff" on Billy's part, as his friends will readily believe—fairly took all the heart out of the two knaves, and they were willing to yield to his demand. Probably neither of them had ever looked into the tube of a revolver in his life.

"Come on, then, come on," gasped the terrified doctor. "Lead the way, Pillkins, lead the way."

This Pillkins was only too glad to do.

"Mind, if you make a false move, or try to run away, down you go," Billy gave grim warning.

The man Pillkins opened the door and he and the doctor passed out, Billy at their heels with a revolver against the back of the neck of each.

Drops of perspiration were appearing on the faces of both men, and unless something unforeseen happened, Broadway Billy held the winning hand and was sure of carrying his point.

The way was led up-stairs and along a barren-looking hallway, with heavy doors on either side, and at length a stop was made at one of these doors, which was opened by Dr. Romur, and the first thing Billy noticed was that the window was barred.

It was in such a way, too, that it could not be seen from the outside.

A woman's sobs were heard, as the door swung open, and as they entered the cheerless room a young woman threw herself from the bed to her knees upon the floor, and with clasped hands implored:

"Oh, sir, restore me to my friends before I go mad—mad! I shall die if you keep me here another hour! Have mercy on me, have mercy on me!"

It was the true Rosamond Talcott.

"You are all right, now, Miss Talcott," spoke Billy, cheerfully. "I am here to take you away with me and restore you to the arms of your true friends. Pray get up."

She sprung to her feet, looking through hers to learn who it was.

"Oh!" she cried, gladly. "Mr. Kelton! Please take me away! Do not leave me here another minute! They told me I am mad, but I am as sane as anybody, though God knows they have almost driven me crazy."

"Step out of the room here!" directed Billy. "You are all right now, and no further harm shall come to you."

"By what right do you take her out of my care?" now blustered Romur.

"A foolish question for *you* to ask, you rascal!" Billy answered sharply. "I think you will hear further from me before this thing is done."

"But, what are you going to do? You do not mean to—"

Billy was backing to the door, still holding them covered with his weapons as he did so.

"I mean to secure this door upon you, that is all, while I make good my retreat," Billy told them plainly. "Back! or I will give you a taste of something you won't relish!"

The fellow of the bull-dog face had made a move as though to spring forward, but he cowered back again.

Billy leaped out, closing the door with a bang, and securing it.

"Come," he said quickly to the young woman, and putting away one of his weapons he caught her hand and hurried her along the hallway toward the stairs, which they started to descend.

When they were half way down another man and two heavy, evil-looking women appeared in the hallway below, their faces showing alarm.

"What his the meaning hof this?" demanded the man.

"*This* means, that you are to open that door just as quick as possible," cried Billy.

He leveled his revolver at the fellow's head, and at that the two women ran screaming away, leaving the man alone and almost scared to death.

Billy made no pause, but advanced rapidly.

"Open," he ordered.

The fellow did not stand on the order, but turned and swung the door open wide, and Broadway Billy walked out leading the rescued young lady by the hand.

"Take her to the cab," he said to his driver. "I will hold this door till you get to the gate, when I will follow you. Back, there, you ruffian, or I will drill a hole clear through you!"

The man had made a move toward him, thinking him off his guard, but he discovered his mistake.

The caddy led the young woman quickly to the gate, and Billy soon followed.

In another moment they were being carried rapidly away.

Their destination was the Midland Railway station, where Billy hoped to be able to catch the 9:35 Express for London.

It was still morning, the steamship having reached her dock at a very early hour, and Broadway Billy had lost but little time in spite of the clever trick which had been played him.

On the way to the station Billy told Miss Talcott the whole truth about her false friends, and the poor girl was so overcome that she wept aloud.

It was a blow almost greater than she could bear.

The station reached, the driver jumped down and opened the door, exclaiming:

"'Ere we har', sir, hand all bin a plenty hof time. My heyes! but Hi 'aven't got hover me hamazement yet, sir, bat your darling, sir!"

Billy laughed, and gave the man what he had promised, responding:

"Oh, that was nothing! It was the sight of the revolvers that did the whole business."

When you speak of daring, look to yourself, my man! Few would have gone into the thing as you did."

"Stave hall that, now, sir, hand a 'appy good-by to you han' a safe journey, sir."

There was no time to lose, and Billy made haste to secure his tickets.

In a few minutes they were moving out from the station, and the run to London was commenced.

It was a new and novel experience for Billy, this ride in an English railway train, and the comparisons he drew were mostly in favor of his native land.

The time passed pleasantly, and finally at a few minutes to three in the afternoon, the train rolled into the St. Pancras station, and Broadway Billy was in the roar and rumble of mighty London!

Taking a cab he gave directions to a hotel on Fleet street, of which he had seen an advertisement that had struck him favorably, and a drive of something over a mile through Gray's Inn Road, Holborn, and Chancery Lane, brought him to his destination.

But, his foes were upon his trail; Dr. Romur had not been idle!

CHAPTER XI.

BROADWAY BILLY OVERBOARD.

ALL the way over, at odd moments, Billy had made a study of a map of London, and he had a very good general idea of the "lay of the land" on his arrival.

At the hotel he booked as Mr. Edward Kelton, of New York, and gave his *protegee* her true name and address—Miss Rosamond Talcott, Indianapolis, U. S. For her he engaged a desirable room.

Having attended to that, he went out for a stroll along the Strand as far as Trafalgar Square.

On the way back he stepped into a shop and made a purchase of a pistol.

It was a small but powerful weapon, and this purchase had been, in fact, the object of his walk.

When he returned to the hotel he took the lift—elevator—and went up to Miss Talcott's room, where he gave the pistol into her possession.

"There is no telling what may turn up," he said, "and it may be a handy and useful thing for you to have. If occasion requires, don't be afraid to make use of it in self-defense."

She thanked him, and as she had had some pistol practice at one time, she was not afraid of the weapon as most women are.

As it was too late in the day, as Billy thought, for him to go to the office of Waple & Carpinger, he decided to put it off until the following morning.

"There are some points I would like to have fully cleared, Miss Talcott," he observed, settling down in her room for a little chat. "I want to know just how far Williams's story is true."

He had refrained from questioning her much on the journey.

"I think all that he has told was true, except the deception which they led me to play," she made answer.

Billy related everything he had heard, then, and it was shown that he had the truth of the situation, with the exception of the cheat in the identity of the heiress, and it was all as he had guessed.

"I am armed, now, for my talk with the solicitors to-morrow," he said. "If nothing happens, you will soon be restored to your rights, Miss Talcott."

With a word of caution, finally, he left her and repaired to his own room, where he spent some time in writing letters.

The way to the end now seemed plain and easy enough.

He had only to see the solicitors, tell his

story, present the true heiress, and when her identity had been well established she would be put in possession and all would be well.

But, the case would not be complete unless he could bring about the arrest of the villainous conspirators, and he had no idea of giving up until that had been accomplished.

After dinner he went out for another walk, to turn all the points of the case carefully over in his mind as he strolled idly along.

This time his course lay to the east, up Ludgate Hill, past St. Paul's, through Cannon street to King William, and on to London Bridge; and all the way, while taking in the sights, his mind was busy.

Stopping on the bridge, he proceeded to sum up, while he looked around over the historic ground of which he had often read.

"No, I'm not out of the woods yet," he mused, "though I think the advantage is on my side if nothing breaks. No doubt Williams knows by this time that the heiress is in my keeping, for Romur would telegraph to him, of course."

He was standing on the east side of the famous old bridge, gazing at the Tower of London and other landmarks in sight in that direction, with never a thought of danger.

"But, they can do nothing until they get on my track again," he reflected, "and they are not likely to do that until I appear at the office of Wapple & Carpinger in the morning. And then their game will be balked. It is balked already, for that matter, for my telegram has done that."

Billy turned to look in the other direction, and, just as his eyes rested upon the great dome and spire of St. Paul's his "light went out" and he knew no more for some hours.

He knew nothing about it himself, but a heavy blow had been struck him on the back of the neck by a ruffianly-looking fellow who made his escape before the passengers on the bridge could put forth any effort to detain him.

Billy had made the mistake of underrating the foes with whom he had to deal. He had been shadowed from the moment of his landing in London. Aware that their scheme was known, their only hope had been in disposing of the spy before he could see the solicitors.

As admitted, Billy had underrated them. He had not thought it possible they could get upon his track so soon.

But he was now in London, where every rascal must needs be a master hand.

When he opened his eyes he found that St. Paul's had vanished from sight, and the scene had completely changed.

It was some moments before he could get his mind adjusted to the new picture, but when he had done so he recognized that he was in a hospital, and instantly knew he had met with foul play.

Remaining quiet for a time, he collected his mind and located his trouble as being in his head, where a dull, heavy pain was felt.

Presently he called to an attendant.

"Where am I?" he asked.

"You are in Guy's Hospital, sir," the reply.

"What is the matter with me? How came I here?"

"You were struck down upon London Bridge, sir, and were brought here."

"Yes, I remember I was on London Bridge, and that's all I know about it. Am I much hurt?"

"No, you will soon be all right, but a little harder a blow would have sent you into the sleep that knows no waking."

"Then I am glad it was no harder. What time is it? I must be out of this as soon as possible, or danger may come to one who is under my care."

"It is nearly three o'clock in the morning, sir, and will shortly be daylight. There is

a man in the reception-room who has been waiting for hours to talk with you as soon as you came to."

"A man to see me?"

"Yes."

"Show him in at once; I am able to talk with him."

Billy wondered who this man could be. It did not seem possible it was one of the rascals, yet if not, who then?

Presently the man came in, and Billy saw at a glance he was a stranger.

He was a clean-shaved man of forty or thereabouts, in plain, dark clothes, of ordinary cut. He was dark, and had keen, black, eyes. His well-fitting boots gave out no sound as he approached the cot where Billy lay.

"Are you Detective Weston, of New York?" he asked in a low tone.

Billy was surprised, greatly, but he did not allow his face to express it in the least.

"I am Edward Kelton, of that city, sir," he made reply.

"Well answered," rejoined the dark man. "It is as I thought. I will sit down, for I must have a chat with you."

He drew up the one chair by the cot and sat down.

"Who are you?" inquired Billy.

"I am Sergeant Cliff, of Scotland Yard."

Billy was more surprised than ever, but put out his hand in greeting.

"I am glad to know you, sir," he said. "It was my intention to pay a visit to the Yard to-morrow—I mean to-day."

"And I am more than pleased to know you, Broadway Billy," said the sergeant, grasping Billy's hand warmly. "We have heard of you over here, and know all about you, but it seems you got the worst this time."

"The game isn't ended yet, though," declared the New York detail, hopefully. "But, how did you find me, and how did you know me? But, of course my badge and pockets disclosed who I am."

"A simple story, sir," answered the sergeant. "The constables reported to the Yard, and, as you had been expected, I guessed at once it was you, from the fact that it was mentioned you had a badge on your person. I came here, and here I have been waiting for you to come to."

"You say I was expected?"

"Yes."

"How could you know anything of my coming?"

"Another simple story. Yesterday the solicitors for Lord Talcott, Wapple & Carpinger, sent a message to Scotland Yard for a man, and I was detailed to wait upon them. They told me the story of the American heiress, as they knew it, and said they had just heard from you from Liverpool."

"Now I see it all."

"Yes, of course; very simple. They wanted me to remain to arrest the impostors if they appeared, or to meet you if you came and lend you whatever aid you might be in need of. But, it was a bad move on their part, as I could have told them if they had given me every particular, which they didn't."

"And in consequence, here I am."

"Exactly."

"Well, I must get out of here as soon as possible and return to Miss Talcott before harm comes to her."

"Just what I have been waiting for. I wanted to learn where she is, for, if they were on your track they must also have known where you left her—"

"And maybe have already made away with her!"

"That is what I fear, Mr. Weston. Give me the place, and I will go at once to ascertain."

"I'll go with you—"

"No, no! That would be a loss of time; you will come out all in good season after

daylight. I'll return and let you know, or send you word."

Billy gave the name of the hotel where he had stopped, and the detective sergeant was off at once.

Before breakfast time he was back again.

"As I feared," he reported.

"Gone!"

"Yes; decoyed out of the house by a message purporting to be from you, and that is the last of her. We are all at sea!"

"Call for my clothes," cried Billy, slipping out of the bed. "Call for my clothes, Mr. Cliff! I will find her if I have to turn London inside out to do it. I won't be balked this way."

"I'll call for your clothes, and help you out of here, too," said the sergeant, with a smile; "but as for your finding the lost lady, I think you will require all the aid Scotland Yard can lend you in the task. You don't know what it means to be lost in London, my boy."

CHAPTER XII.

BILLY GOES IT ALONE.

WITH the help of Sergeant Cliff, Billy secured his discharge from the hospital at an early hour.

Entering a cab, they crossed London Bridge, and had breakfast together at the hotel where Billy had registered the day before.

Billy took his grip, and also such things as Miss Talcott had left in her room. This done, he entered another cab with the sergeant, to go to Scotland Yard.

He had a dull sensation about the head yet, but felt improved since breakfast, and hoped soon to be himself again. The drive through Fleet street, Strand, and Whitehall, to the Yard, still further improved him.

Sergeant Cliff conducted him in, and he was introduced to the inspector.

The young New Yorker was received with great favor, and as soon as greetings were over, was requested to tell his story in full.

This Billy did, withholding nothing. Miss Talcott must be found as soon as possible, and he must give Scotland Yard all the help he could.

His singular and exciting story was listened to with keen interest.

"Young man, you are a born detective, there is no doubting it," the inspector observed, when Billy had done. "Your work on the steamer alone proves that, to say nothing about what you did in Liverpool. But, you are all at sea now, and the whole work has got to be done over again, I fear."

"Not the whole work," disputed Billy, "for I have at least blocked their game for them. Then only thing for them now, is revenge, and it will be very dangerous for them to try even that on me."

"They will make it interesting for you, if they get the chance."

"I don't doubt it."

"Have you any plans?"

"No; but I have a fixed purpose."

"And what is that?"

"I am determined to find my *protegee*, dead or alive, and bring the rascals to justice if it takes me a year to do it!"

"And I am afraid it will take you a year to find them, if they are careful in their movements, in this great city. Have you any clue to their whereabouts?"

"Not the slightest, sir."

"You hope, then, to get at them through the solicitors?"

"I hardly know. I think they will be very careful how they show themselves anywhere, now."

"Well, we expect to get upon their track sooner, and in a more direct manner. We take it for granted that some one has followed you here this morning."

"You think so?"

"And when you drive from here to the

solicitors', with Cliff, that person will shadow you there, and one of our men will follow him, or her, as the case may be; and, once having sighted the person, the rest will be comparatively easy."

"A good plan, if it works," agreed Billy.

Some little time was spent in conversation, and finally Billy and Cliff took their cab back again into the city, turning from Fleet street into a narrow thoroughfare in which the office of the solicitors was found. And when they entered, another man in plain clothes was on watch.

Let us say at once he discovered nothing.

Cliff introduced Billy to the two old solicitors, and in a few words the disastrous report was rendered.

The old gentlemen were in despair, and one of them began to censure Billy, but Sergeant Cliff came promptly to his defense.

"You wrong my friend, Mr. Wapple," he declared. "A less able detective might have crossed in the ship with the conspirators and never have discovered the truth at all, and this mishap was something no one could have looked for."

"I am willing to shoulder all the blame, however," promptly declared Billy. "I suppose I should have come straight to this office from the railroad station, but I thought it would be better for the young lady to locate first and give her time to rest after the journey, and excitement of it all."

"You did perfectly right, in my opinion," agreed Mr. Carpinger. "I still have confidence in you, and hope the damage will be speedily repaired."

Billy retold his story, giving the solicitors the whole scheme; this done, he and Cliff took leave.

"Now," asked Cliff, "what's to be done?"

"What's your idea?" inquired Billy.

"I think we'll go about it in a systematic way. We'll see first if Finbey has discovered any one shadowing us."

He got into the cab, Billy following, and they drove away.

Cliff kept a sharp lookout, and in a moment saw a fellow officer from whom he received a message by signal.

"He has discovered no one," Cliff explained to Billy. "Now, as I said, the force will go about it in the usual way, and not a hotel or inn in all London will escape our search for the wanted ones."

"And I cannot be of the least use to you in that," admitted the New York delegate.

"That is quite true; you cannot."

"And the way it looks, the case has now practically gone out of my hands and into the hands of Scotland Yard."

"I am glad you see it just as it is. Of course it is your case, yet, but you are a stranger here and you will have to rely upon us for the successful ending of it, if even we can accomplish that."

"Well, just drop me as soon as we turn into Fleet street, Mr. Cliff, and I'll begin my lone-hand game."

"What? Do you really mean to try it alone?"

"Haven't I said so?"

"Well, I only hope you succeed, but it will be a rummy if you do, that is all I can say."

"It will be my death-blow, as a detective, if I don't, and unless you fellows are entirely too quick for me I'm going to get there or bust; and that's good American slang, whether you understand it or not!"

Sergeant Cliff laughed, and as they came to Fleet street just then, Billy signaled the cabby to stop.

"I'll get out, too," Cliff decided. "I'll take the Metropolitan back to the Yard. I want to talk with you just a minute longer."

He paid the cabby and dismissed him.

"What is it?" asked Billy.

"Where are you going to stop?"

"I don't know yet, but I'll keep in touch with Scotland Yard and the office of the old solicitors as much as necessary."

"All right. I know that is all you can tell me at present, uncertain as you are. But, here's my card, and when you can't find Sergeant Cliff at the Yard you may find plain John Cliff at home. I am always at your call."

Thanking the man, they parted, Billy having a very friendly regard for both Sergeant Cliff and John.

The young Gothamite had already recovered almost completely from the blow he had received, and only a soreness to the touch remained.

He went up Ludgate Hill, passed St. Paul's on the north, entered Cheapside, and presently sighted the Bank, or the "Old Lady of Threadneedle street." He was walking aimlessly, thinking.

Finally, just as he came out through Old Broad street into London Wall, an idea came to him.

He had gone over the whole field, and this seemed the very thing.

Turning west, he proceeded along through London Wall, keeping an eye out for such an establishment as he desired to find.

Although a stranger in the greatest city in the world, he was rapidly "catching on," and had conceit enough to believe that in less than a week he could hold his own.

Presently, on nearing Moorgate street, the sign of Woodman & Bailey, merchant tailors, claimed his notice.

It was just such a place as he was looking for, and he entered.

He was politely received.

"I want to give you an especial order," he said, "and I hope you can fill it for me in two hours' time."

"We can do it, sir, if it is not too extensive," he was told.

"I am a stranger in London—"

"You are an American, sir."

"Yes, and a police detective. I am here with a purpose, and must have a disguise that will carry me through. I want to appear as a genuine young Englishman, not of London, for I don't know the city; but as one from Liverpool, say, having come to London for the first time."

"We can do it, sir, to perfection; but, would you appear a gentleman, sir? or a smart city chap? or what?"

"I'll tell you just the character: Dress me out as a Liverpool sport, one who has a fondness for horses and who has come to London to take in the Derby Day races."

"Ah! You shall have it in two hours, sir."

"I will call."

The further details were arranged, and Billy went forth to find a lodging and to make some further purchases.

All this time he had been on the alert to detect any one who might be shadowing him, and believed no one was watching his movements. And he was right; he was thought to be still in the hospital.

Promptly at the end of the time specified he called at the tailoring establishment, and his garments were ready.

Taking them to his lodging, he donned them, and perfected the disguise.

When he came out of his room he met the house porter in the hall, and was not recognized until he made himself known, which he did for the purpose of explaining what was necessary.

Going straight back again to the tailoring house, then, he asked for the man who had served him; and talked with him for fully two minutes before he was recognized; and not even then would he have been recognized had he not permitted it to come about purposely.

He felt satisfied that his disguise was perfect.

It was useless for him to think of finding

the lost heiress in an hour or in a day; accordingly he had prepared to carry out a scheme which had come to mind to bring about the desired end as speedily as possible.

The only chance he saw was for him to look up the cockney, Dick Willpool, and through him learn where the other rascals were hiding. Once he could find Williams, he believed the rest would be easy.

But, there was work ahead, for Broadway Billy, for, once let his identity be discovered his life would not be worth a farthing.

CHAPTER XIII.

BILLY FORCED TO "DO" THE "DARBY."

BROADWAY BILLY hated such slow progress, but, what could he do?

With all Scotland Yard looking for the missing heiress, it did not seem as if there was anything left for him.

It would be waste of time for him to cover any of the ground the regulars would cover; therefore, as he had decided after long and careful thought, he would go it alone.

His disguise perfected, he sought first of all a public telephonestation.

Here he called up the hotel where he had first stopped, asking if anything had been heard from the missing lady.

There was a slight chance that she had escaped from her captors and had returned there. But, no such good fortune had happened; nothing had been heard from her.

He called up Scotland Yard with the same result.

"That settles it," he said to himself. "Now I must buckle down to business, and play my lone hand for all it is worth. It is Broadway Billy against the field!"

Consulting his note-book, he fixed in his mind the address which the cockney had given him and made inquiries where that particular street was located.

Being informed, he took a cab to the neighborhood, and proceeded to find the inn kept by Willpool the elder, on foot. In due time he found it, a humble little resort at the corner of a mews—stables.

Billy at once entered the place.

There was a bar, with a bar-maid, and the proprietor, a big, red-faced ex-butler, was taking his ease in a chair.

"Hi say, sir," Billy greeted, "can you tell me where Hi'm at? Hi 'ave lost me way, han' Hi'll be blowed biff Hi can find it, don't ye know. Hi thought Hi was ha fly cove enough, but Hi think Hi'm honly ha blcker bafter ball."

The proprietor of the place laughed, as did also the bar-maid and all who were in the room.

"Where bar' you from?" asked the proprietor.

"Hi'm from Liverpool, sir," the prompt answer.

"Ha! Han' you was never hin Lun'n before, Hi take it?"

"You have hit it right, sir."

"Han' where did you want to go to, sir?"

"Hi'll tell 'e 'ow it was," said Billy, becoming friendly and confidential. "Hi came hover 'ere to go to the Darby Day races to-morrow, ye know. Hi believe they hopen to-day—"

"Yes, to-day, sir."

"Han' to-morrow will be ha Wednesday, the Derby Day, will hit not?"

"You 'ave hit right, sir."

"Then Hi was not mistaken. You see, sir, Hi set bout from me 'otel to find bout Tattersall's, but Hi'm blowed biff Hi 'aven't lost me bearing bentirely, han' 'ere Hi am. Now, could you direct me, sir, so that Hi may get bout hof this 'ere bloomink maze?"

They all laughed again.

"Too bad Dick ain't 'ere," one spoke up.

"Han' 'oo is Dick?" Billy asked, innocently enough.

"'E is me son, sir," explained Willpool the elder. "'E is at Tattersall's this blessed minnit, Hi 'ave no doubt, for 'e's great for 'osses, is Dick."

"Then Hi'm mighty sorry 'e ain't bat 'ome," said Billy, regretfully. "'E's no doubt just the kind hof chap Hi would like to fall bin with. Hi would willingly give ha fl'-pun note for a pilot, don't ye know."

"Han' Dick would do it, for that, han' gladly hanough," put in the bar-maid at that.

"Hof course 'e would!" agreed Willpool, the elder.

"Well, can't you direct me 'ow to find 'im?" asked Billy. "Tell me some hof the places where 'e 'angs bout, han' direct me to Tatter-

sal's, han' Hi'll pull through some'ow, Hi think. You might give me ha bit hof a note to 'im, ye know."

So Billy brought it about, finally, and left the place with the good wishes of all with whom he had there met.

Taking the Metropolitan Railway, he alighted at Sloan Square station and walked the remainder of the distance to his destination.

With a handy map of London to consult, he was fast getting his bearings in the great city, and with a ready tongue and plenty of money in pocket he knew he was all right.

The races being on, Tattersall's presented a most animated appearance. Here most valuable horses are sold, and it may be said to be the fountain head of betting. In connection with the place is a subscription room under the management of the Jockey Club.

Billy was much interested in what he heard and saw, and might have been much more so had his mind been free from that one dominating purpose and apprehension—apprehension for Miss Talcott.

Willpool was not to be seen.

Billy was well supplied with names of Dick's associates, and places where he was wont to frequent, and searched for him patiently.

He did not find him, however, and at last, on entering the last place of which he had knowledge, came to the conclusion that he must begin to ask questions, even at the risk of arousing suspicions.

So, he inquired of the bar-maid in this place, not for Dick, but for one of his intimate chums.

To his surprise the fellow was there present.

His name was Tom Fox, and was of about the same stripe of Willpool himself.

"You want to see Hi?" he asked.

"Hif you har' a friend hof Dick Willpool, Hi do," said Billy.

"Han' so Hi'am. But, tell me, friend, 'oo ar' you?"

"Hi'm 'Arry 'Allboy, hof Liverpool."

"Han' do you know Dick?"

"No; but Hi know 'is governor, han' Hi 'ave ha note to 'im—Hi mean to Dick, from 'im."

"Well, Dick 'as gone hout to the races."

Billy looked deeply disappointed, purposely, of course.

"Was it himportant?" asked the cockney.

"Well, 'is governor said as 'ow Hi might get 'im to pilot me haround. Hi'm ha stranger hin London, you see."

"Ab! that was it? Well, now, Hi wouldn't mind ha-showin' hof ye haround meself hif you wouldn't mind puttin' hup for it, don't ye know."

"I'd be glad hif you only would, Mr. Fox."

"Hi'll do it!"

They shook hands warmly, and Billy had made one step.

Fox proposed drinking, but, on the strength of a story that his "governor" had filled his pocket on his promising not to drink a drop, Billy got out of it easily, and they fell to talking without the tippie.

"Did your friend Dick go hout to the races halone?" Billy asked.

"No; 'e 'ad a friend with 'im, sir."

"Then hit is no doubt just has well that Hi 'ave met you, Tom—you will let me call you Tom?"

"Hi honly 'ope you won't call me hanything helse, sir."

"Han' you may call me 'Arry."

That cemented their friendship, and they soon became as chummy as though they had known each other for years.

The cockney, like Willpool, was posted on horses, and had names and events at his tongue's end. He could trace many a pedigree from Eclipse, the biggest, strongest and greatest race horse that ever ran in England, who was never defeated and never paid a forfeit; or, he could rattle away about Hampton, Ayrshire, Donovan and other recent Derby winners.

Billy spent the remainder of the day and night with him, and on the following morning, early, they set out for the scene of the races.

It seemed as though all London was going in the same direction.

The Derby is the greatest event of the English turf, and on Derby Day the big city fairly empties itself to do honor to the occasion.

The roads, the railways, the river—every highway and every means of conveyance is brought into requisition, and there is one great exodus in the direction of Gravesend.

Billy and his friend went out by an early train, and their first move was to try to fall in with Willpool, in which they failed, and every passing minute made it the less likely that they would find him, for a constant stream of humanity was pouring into the grounds.

As our story is not a racing romance, and as Broadway Billy's heart and mind were not upon the great events of that great turf day, we must treat it slightly, even though it was the Derby Day to all the sporting world.

Long before the time for the start, the grounds and stands were everywhere black with people.

When the names of the horses and riders were posted, Billy and his companion made some bets, as Billy had to do to carry on the role he was playing.

The time for the race drew on, and presently the horses were led forth from the paddocks, blanketed, and the blankets were cast off and they all assembled at the point of starting.

Presently the bugle sounded, and the jockeys essayed a start, but the flag of the official starter did not drop when they dashed up to his station, and all had to go back and try it over again. And this was repeated several times until it began to be suspected that a plot was afoot.

Finally, however, the starter—or rather the assistant, first—saw them well off, and the starter recognizing that it was about as fair a start as could probably be secured, let fall his flag and away they went, and then began the excitement of the occasion. There was a buzz, the buzz became a roar, and the roar broke out into one long, loud cheer.

Each person in that whole hundred thousand or more had a favorite, and hence each person shouted. And as the flyers flew on the excitement increased each moment, till it seemed as though it could not reach a higher point. But it could, and did, as any one who has ever seen the Derby can attest. When the racers entered upon the last stretch, the applause became almost like a roll of thunder in magnitude. It shook the very ground.

Then the winner won, the second was noted, and gradually the prolonged volume of applause died away.

The greatest event of the English turf was a thing of the past, until "Derby Day" rolled round again.

CHAPTER XIV.

ON THE TRACK AGAIN.

"WELL, the Darby is hover," remarked Mr. Fox, when the racing was done and he and Billy turned away.

"Yes, so hit is," agreed Billy, "hand Hi am hout of pocket; blarst the two heyes hof the bloomink 'orse that Hi put hup me money hon, hany'ow!"

The cockney laughed, but he had little to crow about; for he, too, had come off the loser. But, since Billy was bearing his other expenses, he did not feel that he was anything out.

"Well, is it 'ome we goes?" asked Fox.

"Hi suppose as 'ow that is habout the honly thing to do," agreed Billy.

"But, 'ow habout Dick? Do 'e still want to find 'im? But, there's less 'ope now than hat first, Hi think."

"Hi hagree with you, Tom. No, hit don't matter now, seein' that you 'ave been me pilot for the day. We'll get back to London, hif it's hall the same to you."

"Hif we can get back," Mr. Fox conditioned. "We may 'ave to tarry 'ere till mid-night, or set hof han' do the twenty miles hon foot, with a crowd like this 'ere ha-surgin' habout, don't ye know."

It certainly did look, then, as if they would have to return to London on foot, if they got there at all that day—or even that night.

While they were talking over the situation, they came face to face with Dick Willpool.

Billy was the only one, however, who saw him, as it happened.

Here was a dilemma, for he could not recognize him, nor could he call the attention of Fox to him.

He was planning to collide with Willpool in a blundering way, when Dick espied Tom and called out to him, and so Billy's little stratagem was not called for.

"Eigh-ho!" exclaimed Fox. "'Ere's ha rum go! Blarst me heyes hif it ain't Dick! 'Ow har' ye, hanyhow? 'Arry, this is the gentleman we 'ave been ha-talkin' habout; Mr. Willpool, Mr. 'Allboy!"

Billy and Dick shook hands, and Billy could see that he was not recognized.

"Appy to know you, Mr. 'Allboy," Dick greeted. "'Ow did you come hof with the races? Hit was ha 'ot go, now wasn't hit?"

So they talked, and explanations were had all around.

"'Ow har' ye ha-goin' to get back to town?" Dick presently asked.

"We don't know," answered Fox. "Hi was

ha-thinkin' we'd 'ave to walk back, hand Hi think we will."

"Not much!" exclaimed Dick. "We 'ave a 'bus, me friends an' Hi, an' there is room enough hin that for both hof you. Come right balong hof me."

Billy was secretly delighted at this, and offered not the slightest objection.

They followed Willpool, as fast as they could make their way through the crush of the crowd, and presently came to a place where Joe Pidgely and another man were waiting.

At which the young New York shadower was overjoyed.

Introduction followed again, and Willpool left them to go and get out the omnibus in which he and his companions had come out from town.

After some delay he appeared with it; all got aboard, and the driver whipped up his horse and fell in with the procession which was stretching out in the direction of London.

As far as the eye could see there was an unbroken line of vehicles, and Billy heard the remark made that the head of the line would reach London before the last vehicle left the race ground. And he could almost believe it, so great was the crowd on every hand.

Good progress was made on the road, in spite of the crowd, as everybody was eager to push along homeward.

Only once was the conversation of interest in our story, or of especial interest to Broadway Billy, and that was when some remarks were exchanged among Willpool, Pidgely and Fox.

"'Ow did you like Hamerica, Dick?" Fox made inquiry.

"Hoh, hit's a blarsted bloomink country, don't ye know," was the reply made. "Hit can't 'old ha light to old Hengland."

"That reminds me of Williams," put in Pidgely. "Shall we get back to London in time to keep our appointment with him, Dick? We mustn't disappoint him, you know, or put him out."

"Yes, we'll be there hall in good season, hif nothink breaks."

"And you remember the place?"

"Strange if Hi don't; hit was—" and he named the place of meeting, likewise the time.

To the on-the-alert Broadway Billy it seemed as though the fates were playing everything into his hands with fine favor.

Once again he had hold of the case with a good grip!

"It was too bad, that accursed detective had to balk the thing, wasn't it? A play we had on the races, you see, sir," to Billy, explanatory.

"Hi see, Hi see!" Billy assented, nodding, but acting as if he was paying little attention, anyhow.

"Yes, hit was too bad," Dick echced. "But, 'e fixed 'im for it."

"And secured the filly after all."

They laughed.

Finally their omnibus rattled into Southwark by the Old Kent Road, and as soon as they were in the city Billy took leave of his friends, saying he thought he would go home that night.

They parted with the best of wishes all around, and the disguised Billy was soon lost to their sight in the crowded streets.

He sought his lodging immediately to effect a change in his disguise.

This done, he had dinner and refreshed himself, made further use of the telephone to ascertain whether anything had been learned of the missing girl.

Nothing had been heard of her, and Scotland Yard had been unable to pick up any clue leading to her hiding-place, or place of imprisonment, rather. Billy did not report his own progress yet.

Taking a cab, he went to the neighborhood of the address he heard mentioned by Willpool.

Alighting short of the number, he paid his cabby and discharged him.

He went on to the desired number on foot, and found it was an ale-house that was not by any means first-class.

Entering with a manner he was rapidly learning to imitate to perfection, he looked leisurely around, and presently his eyes lighted upon the very persons he most desired to see.

Paul Williams and Dr. Romur!

The doctor knave had evidently come on from Liverpool for the purpose of lending further aid if needed.

There was an excellent chance for their shadower to get near them, without being suspected of listening, and he made haste to improve it.

The two men were alone, and were talking while they sipped their gin and water.

"I can't understand it," Williams was saying.

"I hardly understand it myself," declared the dark doctor, "but there's the fact, none the less."

"And you say he did it alone?"

"All alone."

"Wonderful!"

"Well, I should say it was! I never heard of anything like it in all my life before. He would have shot us down, I don't doubt it, if we hadn't given up the girl. But, I overreached him again when I telegraphed immediately to London."

"Yes, so you did; and the pity was that my fellow didn't kill him, for, after the swipe, he got out of the crowd and away nicely."

"And where is the over-the-ocean detective now?"

"That's what I would like to know. He got out of the hospital early this morning, so is around again, somewhere."

"The deuce you say!"

"Exactly. But, we had him balked by that time. We got the girl that same hour he was out, you know, and all the police of London are looking for her. But they may look, too, for all we care!"

The young New York detail was taking in every word.

"On the other hand, he has balked you. That was chiefly what I came to see you about. What are you going to do now? You certainly dare not go to Wapple & Carpinger?"

"No, curse the luck!"

"Then what can you do? Or, maybe you have already done it."

"Done what?"

"Put the girl out of the way, for revenge."

"That would be a good deal of satisfaction, now wouldn't it! No; the girl is safe from harm."

This statement made Billy feel cheerful. Miss Talcott had not suffered death or violence at the hands of these human wolves.

"Then what are you going to do?"

"The only thing possible to be done."

"And that is—?"

"Hold the homely thing for a ransom, and make the estate pay it!"

"Dangerous business, my friend—very dangerous!"

"Not when there is brains at the back of it. We must first get the wench out of the country and safely so hid away that she cannot be traced or found."

"There is danger in that."

"Not as much as you think. We can easily stupefy her, and with the help of Miss Hopkins can safely get her over to France. Once there, the rest will be easy. Then they will have to dance to our tune!"

"Well, I suppose I shall have to aid you, for the way it stands now I am on the losing side. I am a good round sum out of pocket."

"And, what am I? Here I was two whole years preparing for this thing, and to think I should be cheated out of the prize when I almost had my hands upon it—"

He gnashed his teeth in his rage.

"But what of that infernal young New York detective?"

"Curse him! I will have his heart's blood before I am done with him!"

"Have you found out all the truth about him yet? Who would have thought he was a detailed shadower?"

"Nobody would have thought it. No, I haven't got onto it yet, but the more I study it the more I think it was the work of those watchful American lawyers. I know they suspected me."

"But, he was so young a man! However, all that makes no difference now. He has crippled us, and the only thing for us to do is to make the best showing we can, for lame men, fighting on our crutches. Let me have your plans in full, and we'll see what's to be done."

At that point they were interrupted by the coming of Joe Pidgely and Dick Willpool, with another fellow, a most villainous-looking chap.

CHAPTER XV.

BILLY BEARDS THE LION.

THERE were greetings, and an amount of small talk unworthy our notice, before they came down to business.

It may be mentioned that the room, or at any rate this part of it, was divided off into stalls, and that Billy Weston was in the one nearest where the knaves were holding their confab.

He had ordered some ale and water, which he did not drink, and had tipped the waiter liberally, telling him he expected a party of friends to join

him after awhile and that he would hold the stall alone until they came. To which, needless to say, the waiter agreed.

A tip, in London, will work wonders, and the larger the tip the greater the wonders it will perform.

"Well, what is the programme?" asked Pidgely, after the small talk.

"The first thing, we are going over to Paris," answered Williams. "Once there we will determine our next move."

He went on to explain about as he had done in talking with the doctor before these two came in, and from that point he set about giving his plans in full, as the doctor had asked.

"We will take the latest train out from the St. Paul's Station, to-night," he said. "Myself and the doctor, and the two girls, will go over, and you and Dick," he was talking to Pidgely, "with Red, here," indicating the villainous-looking fellow, "will stay behind."

"To finish off that blooming sharp-nose!" asked he called Red.

"Yes, Red Beek, just that," Williams confirmed.

"You want us to watch for him, then," observed Pidgely.

"Yes. Be on hand to see that we get off safely, and if you see the fellow, follow him to a good place and lay him out for once and all. Do you understand me? I mean kill him, deader'n a stone!"

"But, it ain't likely we'll see him."

"Why?"

"Cause, if he knowed where we are he would have had Scotland Yard after us before this."

So spoke Pidgely.

"Well, precaution is of no disadvantage, anyhow," said Williams. "And then, if such a thing should happen that they have got on track of us, and try an arrest at the station, you must kick up a row somehow and give us a chance to slip out. Do you see?"

"Perfectly."

"That is all, then. We will communicate through Red Beek, as before, till we have laid all our plans, when the doctor will return to London and be the master of the undertaking here."

So they planned on, but the main points have now been set forth.

Finally they parted company.

Billy, aware that they were about to leave the place, went out first, and when they came out and separated, he followed Williams.

This he had no trouble in doing, for his disguise was perfection, almost, and the man could hardly have suspected him, even had he singled him out, which he did not do.

The New York shadower shadowed him well, and was led to a miserable lodging on a rather disreputable-looking street.

Soon after the man had been admitted, Billy rung the bell.

A hard-looking woman opened the door, and the caller stepped in, as though he had a right there, and in a friendly and confidential tone, said:

"Hi say, would ye show me quietly to the room hof me friend, the chap what came in just before me? Hi want to give 'im ha surprise, ye know. No 'arm done, hand 'ere's ha shilling for your trouble."

"Does 'e mean Mr. Tibbs, sir?"

"Bless ye, 'e 'as has many has a dozen names; Hi don't know which one 'e 'as given you."

"Well, you mean 'im with the two young women, then?"

"Yes, yes; 'im is 'im, ma'am."

"Very well, come right halong hof me, then, an' Hi'll show 'e hup."

She led the way, Billy following close behind her, feeling to make sure his weapons were in readiness.

"You needn't knock at 'is door, ye know," Billy whispered. "Just show me the one, hand Hi'll knock meself han' give him the greatest surprise 'e hever 'ad."

The woman smiled, entering into the spirit of the thing, and at the next landing pointed to one of the doors as the room Billy wanted, telling him to go ahead and knock and he would find his friend there.

"Har' the young ladies hin the same room?" asked Billy.

"This is their room," the woman explained. "Your friend has honly dropped hin to see them."

Billy advancing, knocked at the door, and it was opened by Williams himself!

"Ow har' ye, hany'ow?" cried the disguise, leaping in with his hand outstretched in the warmest manner imaginable.

Williams drew back, looking surprised, and did not take the proffered hand, but demanded in his severest tone:

"Who the deuce are you?"

"Don't 'e know me, Paul?" demanded Billy, as enthusiastically as ever, and he closed the door with a flirt of the hand. "Come hof, now; that's too good!"

"How is the mischief should I know you?" demanded Williams.

"Ha, ha, ha!" Billy laughed, in true British accent. "Well, shake, hany'ow, hand then Hi'll tell 'e who Hi am."

He seized the knave's hand, this time, and began to shake it heartily, but, even while he was in the act of doing so a *click!* was heard and a handcuff was on Mr. Williams's wrist!

The next instant it was upon the other.

"You scoundrell!" cried the villain. "Remove this thing at once!"

"Not in a remarkable hurry," answered the New York delegate in his natural voice. "You are my prisoner, Paul Williams."

The man was white to the lips.

"And you are—" he gasped.

"Broadway Billy, of New York, at your service."

He had now drawn his brace of revolvers, one of which pointed in the direction of Miss Hopkins and a bag of a woman who guarded their prisoner, Miss Talcott.

"Broadway Billy!" cried Williams. "I have heard of you!"

"And have seen me, too, but now you see me some more," rejoined Billy in a jesting tone.

"You are on your last leg now, Paul Williams."

"You are not the fellow who tricked me on the ship?"

"The same," responded Billy, and with one hand he removed the disguise from his face.

"Mr. Kelton!" cried Augusta Hopkins.

"Thank God! Thank God!"

So exclaimed Miss Talcott, gladly, though she seemed weak and worn out.

"Hi think Hi'll be ha-going," spoke the old hag, as she moved toward the door to leave the room.

"Not a move!" cried Billy. "Sit right down again, old woman, or I'll put an American bullet into your corporosity!"

Needless to say she sat.

"What do you think you are going to do?" demanded Williams, who, the first shock over, began to bluster. "Do you think you can take us out of here single handed?"

"I'm going to take you, either dead or alive, and don't you doubt it," Billy grimly assured.

"You think you can play your Liverpool trick over again, do you?"

"I'm going to try it, certainly!"

"Don't you know that a call from me would bring half a dozen or more men to my aid?"

"And don't you know that I have just as many Scotland Yard men at my call? Do you suppose I would dare to venture here alone?"

Williams grew pale again.

"Oh, sir, pray let us go!" here put in Miss Hopkins. "You will not believe me, now, of course, but it is true all the same: *I love you!*"

Billy was both surprised and amused, but his order was his only answer. "Put on your things, both of you, and allow Miss Talcott to put on hers, and come with me!"

"Har' you ha-going to take Hi, too?" asked the old hag.

"You can bet your false hair I am," answered Billy bluntly.

By this time half a dozen women, besides the one who had admitted Billy into the house, were looking into the room from the hallway, and a man or two with them, but they did not attempt to interfere.

They had heard what Billy said about the Scotland Yard men being below.

Weeping, Augusta Hopkins put on her things and the old hag adjusted a shawl over her own head, when Billy stepped up to them and with a quick movement handcuffed them together.

At the touch of the handcuff the fair Augusta wailed aloud, and began to implore mercy, even asking her injured friend to intercede for her.

"Help you?" cried Rosamond. "Have I not been imploring mercy of you all the hours I have been your prisoner here? Did you have mercy on me? No, but you mocked me. Now you shall pay the penalty for your baseness!"

"Good for you!" said Billy.

Miss Talcott then stepped up to Augusta and thrust her hand into the pocket of her dress, drawing out the revolver which had been taken from her, and cocking it, she said to Broadway Billy:

"Sir, I will help you in this undertaking. We

will take these prisoners from this house, or we will die in the attempt!"

Billy admired her for her courage; it showed her in a new light.

"Greatly obliged," he said, carelessly, "but there is plenty of help down below. You may take your place at my side, if you will."

This the girl did, and Billy ordered those at the door to get out of the way and let them out of the room, an order complied with in all haste, for the New York detail was master of the situation.

He then ordered the two female prisoners to walk ahead, and Williams next, while he and Miss Talcott followed close behind, Billy with one hand on the shoulder of his chief prisoner. Not a person doubted but at least half a dozen helmeted constables were at the door below.

CHAPTER XVI.

A SUCCESS THAT PAID.

As soon as the street was reached, Billy tightened his grip upon the shoulder of his prisoner.

Williams came to himself immediately, realizing the trick that had been so cleverly played upon him, and he might have attempted to escape, but Billy guessed his thoughts.

"Don't you try it!" he warned, touching his neck with the tube of his revolver. "If you do I'll drop you!"

Miss Talcott took her place behind the women prisoners and gave them similar warning, and in this manner they moved away from the house, where a crowd was beginning to assemble.

They had not gone far when they met a policeman, and Billy stopped him.

"Here, I want your help!" he said.

"Hi!" exclaimed the officer, drawing his truncheon. "What's this 'ere? Hi 'ad me heyehs hupon you, Hi did."

"Let me explain," said Billy, still keeping his weapon in sight. "I have just arrested these persons and I must get them safely to Scotland Yard. I want you to help me get a 'bus."

"My heyehs! Hand 'oo ar' you, sir?"

"I am Billy Weston, a detective from the United States. Come, you'll learn all about it when we get to the Yard."

"My heyehs hagain! You don't mean, sir, as 'ow you har' the chap what's hon the great Talcott case what they're ha-makin' such a bloomin' row habout, do ye? My heyehs!"

"You have it straight," Billy assured. "But, a 'bus, quick! A crowd is getting around us here."

The officer blew a whistle, and in a few minutes three or four others came running to the spot, when Billy with his prisoners was conducted to the nearest station, where the story was told and the prisoners held.

From here Billy telephoned to Scotland Yard that he would speedily be there, and leaving the station, took a cab, with Miss Talcott.

He had inquired where the residence of Sergeant Cliff was, and finding the address was not far out of his direct way to Scotland Yard, ordered his cabby to take him there.

Cliff was at home, and was surprised to see Billy at that hour.

"What is it, lad?" he asked.

"I have got them!" Billy exclaimed. "Miss Talcott is here in the cab, and Williams and the other girl are at — Station."

The sergeant was almost paralyzed, when Billy briefly told him all, and was ready and eager to go with him to the Yard, and then to the railroad station, to take part in the arrest of the others.

Billy proposed that Miss Talcott should remain at Cliff's home, which, of course, was readily agreed to, Mrs. Cliff taking her in keeping.

The young New Yorkers and the sergeant took the cab, then, and rattled rapidly away in the direction of Scotland Yard.

Arriving there, the police constable on duty at the door readily admitted them, and to the officer in charge Broadway Billy told the whole story of what had taken place.

"I can't understand how you did it," that gentleman remarked, "even now that you have told me all about it. Why, that place is in one of the worst districts in London, and that you could take your prisoners out of a house there unaided, is hard to believe."

"I did it all the same, though," assured Billy, modestly.

"Yes, and you have scored one for Scotland Yard, too! I think we will keep you on this side, Mr. Weston. I begin now to understand

something of the reason for the fame you seem to enjoy in New York."

"We'll talk about that another time," said Billy. "This job isn't quite finished yet."

"Plenty of time, however, for the train does not depart for an hour yet. We will gather in the rest of the gentlemen easily enough, now that you have pointed them out. Why, do you know, young man, you have done the whole job while Scotland Yard was looking for a clue!"

The more the officer thought about it the greater his surprise seemed to grow, and he could not get over it.

"He told me he meant to do it, if it took him a year," observed Sergeant Cliff.

"Well, he has done it, with a vengeance. Pick a couple of men, Cliff, and go with him to finish the work."

Sergeant Cliff took two men, and the four set off for the St. Paul Station, which had been named by Williams as the point of departure, and in due time they arrived at their destination.

"It will be a sweet surprise for them," observed Cliff.

"And we wanted that fellow Red Beek, anyhow," said another.

"He was the one who laid me out on London Bridge," Billy made known to them, then.

"And it will be your turn to get even with him now, and you are going to do it, too! My! but your name will be a by-word in London, tomorrow!"

Billy and his three Scotland Yard men kept themselves somewhat out of sight, but all the same were keenly on the alert. Presently their game was sighted and they prepared to gather it in.

They moved with care, watching for the best opportunity, and at last it came.

Dr. Romur, Pidgely, Dick Willpool and the other fellow, Beek, came together in a corner for a moment's talk, evidently, wondering at the non-arrival of the chief rascal. At once the four officers swooped down upon them, Broadway Billy without disguise.

"Gentlemen, you are wanted," said Sergeant Cliff, in the business-like and quiet manner for which Scotland Yard is famous.

"And wanted bad," added Billy, showing himself. "Doctor Romur, this is the second time you and I have run up against each other, and it will probably be the last."

"Kelton!" exclaimed Pidgely, fairly thunder-struck.

"My heyehs! hif it hisn't!" echoed the cockney.

"Yes, hand your friend, 'Arry 'Allboy, has well!" supplemented Billy, laughing.

"Hi'm honly sorry Hi didn't 'it you a little 'arder," muttered Red Beek. "Hi would never ha' been found out."

"Glad you didn't," assured Billy.

The darbies having been put on all the knaves, the detectives led them away out of the crowd that had quickly gathered.

They were taken to a station and locked up for the night, and next morning all were brought together for their hearing, when Broadway Billy appeared against them and clinched his case.

His name was already in the papers, and he was the hero of the hour.

With Sergeant Cliff, he took Miss Talcott to the office of the old solicitors, where the matter was laid bare before them, in all its particulars.

As the story has been let out little by little as we proceeded, only a brief summary is now needed in closing.

Edric Talcott had thoroughly trusted Paul Williams, and knowing that Rosamond was ill-favored, had planned that her future should be provided for by giving her into Williams's keeping. He had exacted a pledge from Williams that he would ever love and care for his child.

But, Williams was false, and already loved Augusta Hopkins. To her he told the matter, and together they laid the scheme which we have seen worked out. Augusta, as the reader knows, was Rosamond's companion at school, and knew the innocent girl's life as well as she did her own; hence she was well able to play the villainous role. And their plot being never for a moment suspected, they might have carried it out.

Suspicion, however, appeared when Williams was closely questioned by the New York lawyers, and, acting upon the instructions they had received from London, they put a capable detective upon the case, as we have seen. From that point we need say no more. At Indianapolis, Rosamond's friends had rallied to her aid in proving her right to the British estate, but in New York, Augusta, taking her place

with her consent, had the advantage of all this, and there did not seem to be anything in the way of the success of the scheme.

But, Broadway Billy got in the way, as we have shown.

Williams had spent a good deal of money, arranging every point of the game, with the aid of the rascally Dr. Romur, and others, but simple truth, unarmed, had triumphed at last in spite of all.

The case attracted great attention in London, and Broadway Billy was almost lionized. He wore his honors as modestly as ever, though, and did not allow flattery to run away with him. He ascribed a good deal of it to his usual dumb luck, as he called it, but that was not allowed to hold.

As soon as the proof positive was produced that Miss Talcott was really the rightful heiress, she was put in possession of the estate. Paul Williams, and all concerned with him in his scheme, were punished as they deserved to be, including the man Red, of course. And so ended a most remarkable case.

When Billy wrote to his sturdy young assistants in New York, he told them all about his voyage and the case, and wound up with saying that he might try another bit of detective work in London before he returned. At any rate he would remain for a time in that great city.

THE END.

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